PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
JUL 3 1946

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXI. No. 798. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	405
BEVIN REPLIES TO MOLOTOV	407
WHEN HUMANITY PAYS. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	408
PRO BONO PUBLICO. By Sagittarius	408
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	409
DOCTORS AND TRIBUNALS	409
ON CONSCRIPTION. By C. E. M. Joad	410
STUDENTS IN GERMANY. By Heinrich Fraenkel	411
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	411
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	412
PLAYS AND PICTURES	412
THINGS TO SEE. By Roger Marvell	412
AN AGE OF HORSES. By R. C. Trevelyan.	412
THIS ENGLAND	412
CORRESPONDENCE	413
From Gerald Barry; Martin Wight; Geoffrey Tillotson; J. J. Sullivan; E. W. Birmingham and others; Charles Stead; and others.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	415
REVIEWS:	Page
Truth About Mihailovich. By Fitzroy Maclean, M.P.	416
Old Madagascar. By Ralph Partridge.	416
The Escape Experts. By G. W. Stonier	417
New Novels and Stories. By Philip Toynbee	418
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	418

EUROPE DIVIDES

In the French elections—following the recent precedent of Holland and Czechoslovakia—the electorate has shown its dislike of a party which could not make up its mind. Increasingly people see the future as a choice between Western and Soviet leadership. Those who prefer the latter plump for the Communists; those who look to the West cast their votes for a party openly anti-Communist like the French M.R.P. or the Dutch Catholics. French Socialists who felt themselves compelled by the threat of a split in their own ranks to avoid committing their party on this, the one vital, issue did badly at the polls. Tight-rope acrobatics, based on the expediency of party tactics, are despised at a time when reconstruction and normal life seem impossible until a decision has been made for or against Communist control and Soviet leadership.

Yet the issue is still far from clear cut. In Italy the Socialists are still more numerous than the Communists, and even in France, where they have suffered a severe setback, the Socialists are still the third of the significant parties. The chances are that M. Gouin, the leader of the Socialists, will remain Premier. M. Bidault, leader of the M.R.P. and once president of the National Council of Resistance, is said to be ready to work with comrades of any Resistance group, while the Communists, who already discuss their share of seats in the Government, apparently expect the Coalition to continue. In any case the Socialists would refuse to work with the M.R.P. without the Communists; to do so would cost them most of their remaining working-class support.

Whether the Coalition continues seems to depend mainly on the Communists. Despite a highly organised anti-Bolshevist campaign, they more than held their ground. They not only control the French Trade Union bureaucracy, but they have clearly won the warm loyalty of the majority of French Trade Unionists. By their combination of dynamism and discipline, they appeal to youth of all classes and an intelligentsia which seeks to re-create the spirit of the Resistance. As the second largest party, they are entitled to demand important Cabinet seats in the Coalition, but they must be well aware that the anti-Soviet M.R.P. would not permit a Communist to be Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that strong objection would be raised to control of the Army or the Interior being in Communist hands. They are in a position, if they wish, to paralyse the country by strike action, but if they take positions in the Government they will be compelled to adopt a cautious attitude towards the demand for a 25 per cent. rise in wages. This demand is fully justified by the rise in prices, but unless other counteracting steps are taken, a large wage increase will dangerously accentuate the vicious spiral of inflation.

The M.R.P. gained no less than one million votes, of which most of the 300,000 lost by the Socialists probably formed a part. This victory of M. Bidault and his young and enthusiastic colleagues is all the more remarkable because M.R.P. had to meet challenges from the Right and Centre—that is, from the old Radical Socialists and from the newly founded P.R.L., a political trust which includes the most reactionary elements in France. The Radical Socialists made slight gains, but the P.R.L. actually polled fewer votes than its ingredients had polled at the previous elections. Indeed, its existence was only a benefit to M.R.P., which had been previously accused by the Left of collecting Right-wing and near-Fascist votes. After this election M. Bidault can claim that M.R.P. is as progressive as a Catholic party can be and that its outlook on foreign and domestic affairs is not very different from that of the present Labour Government in Britain.

In certain respects the European situation is like that which followed the last war. The Communist issue has again split the Left, and united different sections of the Right. But there are new features. In the first place the Communists, by eschewing talk of world revolution and adopting a nationalist line in foreign affairs and a moderate social programme at home, have won far stronger support inside and outside the working class. In some European countries, including France, they have largely succeeded in squeezing out the Socialist parties and capturing control of the Unions. In the second place, the Socialists, believing that they must learn the lessons of last time, have sought desperately to maintain a working-class unity by collaborating with their Communist rivals. But Communist tactics have defeated the effort for unity and the result has been to give Social Democracy the appearance of half-heartedly travelling along the Moscow road. The effect of this failure has been decisive in England; it explains why the proposal for Communist affiliation will be turned down by an overwhelming majority at Bournemouth.

The Italian Elections

The Italians took their free elections seriously, polling heavily and without disorder. As was expected, the Christian Democrats have easily won first place, securing more than a third of the total votes. The Communists and Socialists, running close together, have failed to get a majority over all other parties by polling just under 40 per cent. of the total. Thus, in Italy as in France, the three-party pattern emerges, with a Catholic party as the most powerful group. This, presumably, will mean that Signor de Gasperi will continue as leader of a coalition government whose members, again as in France, may be free to differ on constitutional issues in the Assembly. The smaller groups, of which there were more than 40, have been lost in the mass voting for the three main parties, although in the South both the Monarchists and Giannini's Front of the Common Man have found considerable backing. Signor Parri's Party of Action has been shown to have virtually no popular backing in spite of the important role played by its members in the successive Cabinets since the liberation. The Republican victory in the referendum was a much closer thing than was to be expected from the voting for the Constituent Assembly. Large numbers of Christian Democrats have obviously voted for the Monarchy in spite of their party's decision against the House of Savoy. With the average Italian family spending three-quarters of its income on food and clothing, the desire for stability and economic reconstruction has probably been as important as the major political issues. Italy has the prospect of a good harvest and wishes to reap it in peace.

The French Dollar Loans

France, with the aid of her mixed bundle of loans from the United States, should now be in a position at any rate to make a serious beginning with economic reconstruction. The need is not only to repair wartime losses, but also to overtake very serious arrears of equipment that had accumulated before the war. Largely for political reasons, French business men were allowing their plant to deteriorate rapidly before 1939, with the consequence that even then the proportion of obsolete and worn-out machine tools was quite astonishingly high. France needs, more than anything else, a large-scale restocking with capital goods for which she is certainly at present in no position to pay; and the American loans will presumably go mainly for this purpose, to the extent that they are not used up in meeting current deficits on the balance of payments. One part of the loan is earmarked for buying surplus American shipping—a necessary step if transport is not to be an even more serious limitation on supplies than ability to pay. All in all, the loans are much smaller than the loan which we are still waiting for Congress to ratify, and they are probably a good deal less than M. Blum hoped to get. Although the nominal total of the loans is 1,337 million dollars, the free money obtained by France amounts only to 670 million dollars, as against the 3,000 millions for which M. Blum is said to have asked. But the loans made to the French do not need ratification by Congress, and have been given without political conditions in any way comparable with those forced on Great Britain.

Indo-China and Siam

By fair means and foul, the French are trying to re-establish their rule in Indo-China. They have failed in the area north of the 16th parallel which was occupied by Chinese troops after the Japanese surrender last year. Here, the Viet-Nam Government is in control and the French have been forced to recognise the new rulers in a Treaty similar to that now under discussion between the Dutch and Indonesians. The French are trying every method to regain control of the rest of Indo-China; in Cochin-China their troops, reinforced with British assistance, have fought village by village along the Mekong Valley. On June 1st, the French Commissar for Cochin-China announced that an "independent Cochin-Chinese Republic in the Indo-Chinese federation and the French Union" would be formed and a referendum held on whether it should belong to Viet-Nam, whose influence amongst the people the French have done their best to undermine. There remain the provinces of Cambodia and Laos. In both cases Resistance Governments were formed, but the French, with the help of Japanese troops, and the old-fashioned method of buying off the Kings, were able to regain a certain measure of control. French intervention on the Siamese border against which the Siamese Government has now issued a protest, is no less than an attempt to regain by force of arms those provinces of Cambodia and Laos which the Vichy Government ceded to Siam in 1941, after a short war in which the Japanese acted as mediators. For the Siamese people these areas are their "Alsace-Lorraine," peopled by the same race, and a part of their rice-growing plain. Almost within living memory, the French acquired them by methods common to all nineteenth-century imperialism. Nothing seems to have changed and if the United Nations is to acquire any meaning to the Asiatics, it will respond to Siam's appeal and call on France to turn over a new leaf and recognise the new forces now spreading over the whole of Asia.

Will Uno Act Against Franco?

Will the Security Council give effect to the recommendations of its sub-committee which has been hearing evidence against the Franco regime? In the sub-committee's report the Security Council is advised to invite all the United Nations to break off diplomatic relations with Franco. This step would, of course, only be carried out if the recommendations were accepted by the Assembly in September—a condition that provides both the interval and the occasion for further modification or postponement. Even so, the sub-committee has taken a much more definite stand than either Washington or London expected when it was appointed. Its report rejects the Polish argument that the Spanish situation comes under Article 39 of the Charter, as an actual threat to peace, but forcibly argues that the Franco regime is "a potential menace" against which the Assembly should take action under Article 34. The sub-committee sets out the conditions under which Spain could be admitted to Uno, which include a general amnesty, free elections and the right of assembly, and emphasises that friction is bound to occur as long as two rival Spanish Governments exist.

Peron's Inauguration

On the third anniversary of the military revolt, General Peron has assumed office as the legally elected President of Argentina. The Opposition parties of the Democratic Union, which appeared formidable on the eve of the elections, are confused and divided and can do little to check Peron's triumphant career. His main problem at home is how to weld his supporters into a single disciplined group in which the competing ambitions of the middle-class Peronist Radicals and the proletarian Labour Party can be reconciled. Abroad, Peron has also been fortunate. His victory has not isolated Argentina from the other American Republics, as his opponents predicted. On the contrary, his inauguration was attended by some of their most prominent politicians. Even the United States has tried to put a good face on its diplomatic defeat and appointed, in Mr. Messersmith, an ambassador who cannot be mistaken for a protagonist of Argentine democracy. But it is not yet certain that this will be followed by a relaxation of the U.S. embargo on arms shipments to Argentina or belated Washington agreement to a regional military treaty which will include Argentina. An anti-United States *bloc* under Argentine leadership remains the chief aim of Argentine foreign policy. Peron's desire to resume diplomatic relations with Moscow is part of his plan for playing the Big Powers off against each other, as he has done for years with Britain and the United States.

Railway Rates

Under the wartime agreement, the Treasury is committed to paying the fixed sum of forty-three million pounds annually as rental into the railway pool. With a marked decline in traffic since the end of the war and a sharp rise in operating costs through increases in the price of coal and wages, the Government was faced with an estimated drop in railway revenue this year of about £59 millions. This would have left a margin of about £40 millions between receipts and the rental due to the pool, which could have been met only at the taxpayers' expense or, the course chosen, by increasing rail charges. Even the present advance will not be sufficient to cover the estimated deficit: further increases are expected next year. The rates for freight traffic have been raised by one-tenth of pre-war, compared to the 16 per cent. addition to passenger fares, to avoid placing too much of a burden on exports. Unless the Cabinet was disposed to reopen the question whether the wartime rental was too high (as Labour M.P.s argued at the time the agreement was made) there was probably no alternative to the increases, however undesirable it may be to permit the consequent rise of prices and costs all round. Obviously, the question of efficiency and financial return from the railways cannot be left where it is. The question of road transport is also involved. In the circumstances, it would be unwise to wind up the Government's wartime haulage organisation in August, as scheduled. Pending the promised nationalisation of long-distance haulage, Mr. Barnes should negotiate for an extension of the existing arrangements with the Road Haulage Association.

The American Labour Crisis

The labour troubles in the United States are by no means at an end. The hard-coal miners have followed the example of the soft-coal miners; the maritime workers are threatening to hold up shipping, with disastrous reactions on the food situation, unless their demands are met; and troubles are blowing up again in the automobile and in a number of other industries. Mr. John Lewis and the Railroad Brotherhoods have in fact scored so large a measure of success as to encourage every other Union to go ahead; and the headlong speed of demobilisation of war controls has left plenty of grievances needing to be put right. Meanwhile, the Senate has set aside President Truman's proposed temporary anti-strike legislation in favour of its own permanent anti-labour bill, which is an even more formidable challenge to the Trade Unions. The C.I.O. is furious with Mr. Truman, and is threatening to take vengeance at the elections; and as the Democrats' only chance of success lies in labour support, the President must be feeling far from happy. Labour will not do any better by electing a Republican President. The American working-class cannot afford to remain disunited, as it is to-day. It must join forces to oppose coercive legislation—or even to launch out at last as a political factor on its own account—if it is not to meet with disaster. But there is no sign of any approach to unity.

Occupation Marks

Allegations that corruption is common in British Military Government were made and not denied by Mr. Hynd in the recent debate on Germany, and we are glad to note a first step designed to check it. This corruption seems to range from the almost universal practice of obtaining the marks to pay mess bills by exchanging a few cigarettes for them, to quite large-scale deals, often involving army equipment and stores. The introduction of "chits" as the only legal tender in Naafis and messes should at least reduce the petty corruption. A study of black market transactions reveals that at the end of each month there were far more Occupation marks in circulation than had been paid out to the troops. The difference had to be made up by the Treasury. In fact, the British public has been footing the bill for the petty corruption of our officials and troops in Germany. Much of this should stop when the new chits are introduced. Occupation marks will be required for a visit to the Opera, but will not be valid as payment for mess bills, and the chits will be no use to the Germans, since they are not permitted to buy in the Naafi. So it will be impossible to receive a mess bill of say 150 marks and to pay it by giving a German 20 cigarettes which cost the equivalent of 4 M.80, and receiving the 150 marks in exchange.

Food Cuts—Animal and Human

While Mr. Strachey only announced preparations for bread rationing, Mr. Williams has had to impose savage cuts on the rations of animal feeding stuffs. Right up to last November the Minister of Agriculture had displayed an optimism which seriously misled the whole agricultural industry. We shall pay heavily next winter and spring for the illusions which both British and American experts seem to have shared; and the Opposition will be able to extract some Party capital from this miscalculation. The campaign about bread rationing in the Beaverbrook and Rothermere press is in quite a different category. It is as irresponsible as it is skilfully

managed, with its combination of "news" suggesting that there is no real world shortage of wheat, correspondent's descriptions of vast hidden food reserves in the British Zone of Germany, inuendos that the Government has been diddled by the Americans (whereas the fact is that the Americans have simply failed to deliver the goods), and lastly, the blithe assurance that it is "controls" which are causing the shortage. In fact, of course, America's failure is the supreme illustration of the inefficiency of "free enterprise."

PARLIAMENT: Foreign Affairs

Wednesday.

LAST Friday's debate on food had been punctured, before it started, by Mr. Clayton's repudiation of his Public Relations Officer. But both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Hudson were determined to exploit the public irritation about shortages and queues. Mr. Churchill, having failed in the debate on Egypt to arrange the order of speakers to his liking, amused the House by his regal expression of displeasure at the refusal of Sir Ben Smith to act as his Uncle Sally. He can never quite accept the fact that God has permitted someone else to become Prime Minister. John Strachey began a little uncertainly. Promotion from the welter-weight to the heavy-weight class demands a sudden change in the proportion of *gravitas* and charm displayed at the dispatch box. For the first, and I am sure, the last time in his career, he read better than he sounded.

On Monday, the agriculturists, now almost as exclusive as the Scots, made an all-party day of it. I am told that there was still a queue of unsatisfied hill-billies when we began discussion of Ministers' salaries, and the Tories raised the issue of the Minister of Pensions' salary which Mr. Dalton erroneously stated that he could personally determine. The few Members present had the rare spectacle of a slip-up after dinner by the Chancellor on a banana skin laid by the egregious Boyd-Carpenter.

The big debate showed that, as regards foreign affairs, Tory Democracy and Social Democracy differ mainly in tone and emphasis. The only real dispute is between the extreme Right who want an American alliance, and the extreme Left who want a Russian alliance. Mr. Bevin, who achieved a record of diplomatic self-control by departing only twice in 95 minutes from his brief, listed his points of disagreement with Mr. Molotov. His optimism must be based on his desire to see the Russians either really inside or really outside Uno before the end of the month. Mr. Butler echoed Mr. Bevin. His only criticism was that we should be preparing now for the latter eventuality—a point which Mr. Boothby re-emphasised with a relish too obvious for a House which is still not actively anti-Russian. From the back benches Col. Head and Michael Foot played another Tory-Democrat-Social-Democrat duet—this time, on the theme of Persia—extremely well. John Paton, who still retains the flavour of the old I.L.P., made a moving demand for justice to the South Tyrol. His opposite number is Brigadier Maclean, who drew thoughtful reactionary conclusions from excellent information. Everyone felt the better for these two speeches which reminded us of the old days when the Tory and Socialist Parties each had a foreign policy. Fortunately for Party politics, Mr. Churchill was his old, brilliant, irresponsible self on Wednesday afternoon. Discarding the moderation of the Tory Democrats, he demanded in effect an Anglo-Saxon alliance, with a revived Germany, Austria and Italy, to defend liberal ideals against Communism. Mr. Bevin sat stiffly, ill at ease, watching the chances of agreement at Paris dwindle with each Churchillian aphorism. The Prime Minister's speech—a few quiet, sensible comments—reminded the House once again why Mr. Churchill lost the election. Brilliant leadership was replaced at Number 10 by very able chairmanship. Finally, after a hack summing up by poor Dick Law, Hector McNeil gave the best definition of the Government's peace aims which I have heard. A good debate, which showed that Mr. Bevin, in rejecting the two extremes of the Anglo-Saxon and the Russian alliance, has majority support on both sides of the House.

PHINEAS

BEVIN REPLIES TO MOLOTOV

THE gist of Mr. Bevin's reply to Mr. Molotov was that Britain and America had been disinterestedly seeking a just and peaceful settlement, while the Soviet Union, haunted by irrational suspicions, obstructs, vilifies and expands. His conclusion was that he will try once more, hoping that the U.S.S.R., now aware that Britain and America are standing firm, will make concessions and agree to a peace settlement. If this last effort at Paris fails, Britain and the United States will go ahead, using Uno machinery and making the necessary treaties without the co-operation of the Soviet Union. In that case, the world will indeed be dangerously divided. The opportunity for a general settlement will have passed. Instead of One World we shall have Two Worlds, each arming against each other. Ultimately the choice is between "total peace and total war."

Mr. Bevin gave a factual analysis of the Paris Conference, showing how Russia prevented a settlement, just as she had refused a hopeful scheme for European waterways. He rightly complained that Russia played politics even when the empty bellies of Europe were at stake. He made no reference to Spain, and brushed aside the suggestions that America and Britain are, like the Soviet Union, thinking primarily in strategic terms in the Mediterranean, Middle East and Pacific. It would have been more straightforward to admit that in the occupation of Pacific islands and the control of Japan, the United States has been as "unilateral" as Russia in Eastern Europe; that Britain has been mainly concerned with bases and preventing the Soviet Union getting a foothold in Arabia and Africa; and that in the case of Trieste, about which Mr. Bevin was especially emphatic, none of the Foreign Ministers, who agreed to maintain the injustice of the Tyrol, were concerned as much with ethnic factors as with naval control of the Adriatic. But when all this is said, it remains true that it was the Russians who rejected compromise and refused to agree to peace treaties for Italy, Germany and Austria. It is also true that, dangerous though it is for the Western Powers alone to rebuild the Ruhr and Rhineland, they will have no alternative to some form of union in non-Soviet Europe if the U.S.S.R. remain unco-operative.

Mr. Bevin and Mr. Attlee would both regard such a development as disastrous. The Prime Minister said: "We don't want to accept a counsel of despair which would divide Europe into two absolutely separate camps." He and Mr. Bevin desire the closest co-operation with the Powers of Western Europe, but they desire it to be not exclusive, but "all inclusive." Thus the Government's policy is a Western Bloc only if no other solution for the impossible economic situation of the British Zone is available. Mr. Churchill's tone was different. Of course, said Mr. Churchill, Mr. Bevin must have another try at Paris, but there was more than a hint in some of his phrases that the old anti-Bolshevik crusader of 1919 is still the real Mr. Churchill. Some other Conservatives showed that they also were approaching the very attitude of mind that the Soviet Press so often attributes to the House of Commons as a whole.

In so far as Mr. Bevin attempted to explain the Soviet attitude, he attributed it to suspicion arising from the past conduct of capitalist nations towards the U.S.S.R. and to their belief that the Soviet Union alone has a system which can lead to peace or well-being, while the rest of the world, including our own Social-Democracy, is "crypto-Fascist."

We shall only understand this almost desperate situation if we attempt a rather deeper analysis of Russian policy. While America is run by people who believe in the right of the individual capitalist everywhere to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, the U.S.S.R. is controlled by Marxists who are convinced that war and poverty can only be overcome in an international Socialist world and that the instrument for creating this form of One World must be the Communist Party, with its headquarters in Moscow. When denouncing all other nations as "crypto-Fascist," the Soviet press means that in the last resort their rulers always prefer Fascism to proletarian revolution. The Soviet Government believes that as long as a great capitalist State like America exists the conflict between Socialism and Capitalism will continue, but that, in the long run, the contradictions of capitalism will make certain the victory of the revolutionary working-class and lead to the era of international Socialism.

Russian policy is, therefore, dictated by a cold calculation of conditions in America and the British Empire, the first of which is in economic confusion, and the second impoverished by the war. "Suspicion" is a relevant factor only in so far as the Kremlin's isolation from the Western World, and its experience of Western hostility makes it a bad interpreter of its own philosophy. Because of its belief in inevitable capitalist hostility and the ultimately revolutionary character of the workers, Moscow makes no allowance for the real strength of the liberal and humanist tradition of the West, and continues unnecessarily to increase the hostility which it would surely have been in Russian interest to diminish.

We have many proofs that the rulers of Russia can calculate wrongly. They thought the victory of Hitler in 1933 would be transitory and quickly followed by a Communist revolution in Germany; they were so sure that capitalist nations would unite against them that they believed, until the end of the war, that Britain was about to make peace with Germany and switch the war into an anti-Soviet crusade; their followers in Europe so lamentably misunderstood the situation in 1939 that by denouncing as "imperialistic" a war that Stalin now says always had "an anti-Fascist character," they lost the greatest opportunity in their history of gaining influence and respect. In 1939 Stalin was so badly informed that he expected the Finnish workers to co-operate with the Red Army when it invaded Finland, and in his 1941 speeches he anticipated an internal upheaval in Germany.

The rulers of Soviet Russia make these tragic errors, not because their philosophy is basically mistaken, but because the factors are far too complicated for accurate prediction, and because they are so rigidly doctrinaire that they fail to understand any of the imponderable factors, including the psychological effect of their own conduct. By relying on short-run expedients and considering any means, however ruthless, justified to attain their ends, they have thrown away a position of world prestige and influence that only twelve months ago was unrivalled. If they had maintained the line of policy suggested by Stalin's speech on achieving Socialism "by example," they would now have an overwhelming mass support amongst the workers and intelligentsia throughout the world; they would be in a position to show the world how Socialism reconstructs while capitalism flounders; they would be the leading Power in Uno; their plea to share in atomic secrets could not have been denied; and their influence over countries and areas, about which they now dispute with Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes, would have been far stronger, because they would have had the general support of the local populations, which were ready enough for social change but not for Russian domination.

The hope of the world now is that Moscow will discover in time that her recent policy has been based on a miscalculation. On former occasions Stalin has made this discovery and changed the Soviet line overnight. Once again, if he sees where Soviet policy is leading, Moscow may decide, as Stalin seemed to do at Yalta, that the path of wisdom sometimes lies in compromise; that the ultimate success of world Socialism is better and more speedily assured by the example of a successful Soviet development than by a policy that reduces their friends to a small group of conspirators and leads by inevitable stages to an atomic war.

WHEN HUMANITY PAYS

THE Report presented to the Economic and Social Council of Uno by its Special Committee on Refugees reminds us once again how rapidly the standards of civilisation are being lowered. After two months' hard work, it has been established that there remain to-day, a year after the end of German resistance, a total of 1,675,000 men, women, and children in receipt of assistance and classified as either displaced persons or refugees.

What should be done with this vast army of homeless and workless people? The Special Committee has recommended the establishment of a new organisation, I.R.O. This, despite the protests of the British representatives, is not to be directly responsible to Uno, and there is no reason to believe that it will be much more successful than the Inter-Governmental Committee on Refugees. Moreover, since the Economic and Social Council only reports to the Uno Assembly in September, I.R.O. can hardly be expected to function before the beginning of 1947. Meanwhile, 1,675,000 people will continue to rot away in hopelessness and apathy.

The issue was delicate. Of the hard core of "unrepatriables," estimated at a minimum of half a million, the overwhelming majority are either Balts—one-time citizens of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia—who fled their countries when they were absorbed in the U.S.S.R., or Poles, who have steadfastly refused to return from Germany to their native country. Yugoslavia has also contributed a substantial number of political "dissidents" who either left Yugoslavia before last May, or have been pushed across the border since victory by Tito's police.

Nearly all these Eastern Europeans, who now throng the assembly centres in Germany and Austria, are considered politically undesirable by the present governments of their countries of origin. In the political phraseology of Eastern Europe, most of them are "Fascist beasts" of varying grades. The mixture is probably not unlike that in General Anders' Army. Some were and are active Fascists. Some are conservatives who conscientiously regarded a German victory as a lesser evil to their country than Russian occupation. Some are old-fashioned liberals who, returning to their country from forced labour in Germany, found life under the new regime intolerable. But the vast majority are not politically minded. They are human beings, caught up in an ideological whirlwind which dumped them down, without means of support, in a D.P. camp.

It is a sign of the moral degeneration from which we all suffer in varying degrees, that a large section of the British Left shows less sympathy for the misery of the refugees than indignation at the fact that some of them hold the wrong political opinions. We used to stand for the succouring of the political emigré—whatever his opinions. Now, it is regarded as a sign of advanced thought to use the word emigré as a word of reproach. Instead of feeling an instinctive sympathy with a refugee, because he is a refugee, too many people start with an instinctive suspicion that he belongs to the wrong political party.

It is worth recalling the situation before 1914. At that time America and many other overseas countries were absorbing not only the economic emigrant but also the political dissident. Each revolution caused a spill-out from Europe, much to the advantage of the United States. It is arguable, for instance, that the German democrats, who sailed for America after 1848, deprived Germany of her democratic élite, and so made the success of Bismarck inevitable. Before 1914 the problem of the stateless person, the displaced person, and the political refugee, forbidden to earn their living in European exile, and unable to find a new home overseas, was inconceivable.

Since 1918 xenophobia has increasingly dominated the immigration policies of the overseas countries. The American quota laws of 1922 were the first example of racial legislation. The quotas are deliberately weighted in favour of Anglo-Saxon and Germanic stock and against the "lesser breeds." Thus while 27,000 persons born in Germany can be admitted annually into the U.S.A., the quota for Hungarians is limited to some 700 and for Rumanians to a paltry 300. Though the British Dominions have no comparable laws, their administration of emigration has been increasingly selective, preferring "good-type" Germanic settlers to "low-grade" Slovacs or Italians.

Xenophobia has created two major European problems. It has deprived countries like Italy, Hungary and Rumania—not to mention the Arab countries of the Middle East—of the social safety-valve which economic emigration previously supplied. In the second place, the political nonconformist has lost the possibility of rebuilding his life in a new world. It is infinitely more dangerous to disagree with the Government of one's country to-day than it was before 1914 because there is nowhere else to go. Those displaced persons who refuse to return to their countries of origin, despite the absence of emigration prospects and the pressure of the Allied Military authorities, probably have very good reasons for their refusal. If there were any real alternative open, no one would choose to stay in a D.P. assembly centre, or to live as a refugee without a work permit.

The Russians and the Eastern European governments have a simple and drastic solution of the problem. They want to cut off all international assistance for anyone who is an emigré or political dissident or works against the regime of their home countries. They want all the potential man-power they can get, and they demand the return of their citizens either to work or to pay the penalty for their political opinions. The Western Powers have resolutely and rightly opposed this Russian view-point, though they agree that "heads of movements" hostile to the governments of their countries of origin should not be given assistance by I.R.O.

But what are the Western Democracies themselves prepared to do for the hard core of 500,000, who will not or cannot go home? The United States of America have made it clear that no increase of the quotas can be expected. At most, 39,000 Europeans will be granted entry in any one year. The number may be far less. In 1945, only 7 per cent. of the European quota was taken up. In 1946, despite the overwhelming need, it is certain that nothing like the maximum number permitted by law will reach America.

It is surely worth considering whether the British Labour Government could not set an example in its handling of the refugee problem. We are faced, as Mr. Shinwell assured us, with the virtual certainty that many of our factories will shut down next winter because of shortage of coal. This shortage of coal will be due entirely to shortage of miners. Mr. Bevin has created a precedent in the case of the Polish Army, and we understand that Polish soldiers who are ex-miners will be permitted to work in the pits. Why should not the Government go much further and invite applications by young men, whether Poles or Balts or Yugoslavs, in the D.P. camps, who have either had experience in the mines, or are willing to train as miners? Here is an absolutely certain source of recruitment. Yet for a whole year the Minister of Fuel and Power has done nothing about it.

But we are not only short of miners. We are short of foundry workers and of certain other essential categories. When, finally, the 100,000 German prisoners-of-war go home and we have to return in our agriculture from the exploitation of prison labour to the employment of free men, we shall suddenly be desperately short of agricultural workers. Rotting away in Germany and Austria are thousands of Balts and Poles, who were once splendid farmers and who would be blissfully content to accept a position, however humble, in British agriculture. Nor should we forget the professions. With vastly expanding medical and dental services, Mr. Bevan is already dangerously short of doctors, dentists and nurses.

Charity begins at home. Let the Labour Government make a bold gesture and offer to take a definite number of displaced persons, either trained in or willing to train for certain categories of work. The numbers concerned would not be large, since we should be wise to work it out in consultation with the Unions and to limit the experiment in the first instance to the bare minimum number of workers necessary in each industry. Such a gesture would give a lead to other democracies whose need for labour is far greater than ours. It would also solve part at least of what seems to be an insoluble labour problem in this country. The opposition which we are offering to the illiberal policy of the Eastern European countries on this refugee question will not ring true until we make our own positive contribution.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Deck the streets of London for the Victory Parade!
Battle colours streaming down the Mall!
Drums and fifes and trumpets and martial cavalcade
For pepping up civilian morale!
Let them hear the bugles, let them see the flags,
Let the crowds of London have a treat!
The war-chiefs in procession,
Will dissipate depression:
They will be a splendid tonic for the people in the street!

Show the Allied generals with their ribbons and their stars,
The team that put the enemy to rout!
Bring up all the armies but the lost Irregulars
Who fed the spark when Europe's lights went out!
Veterans of Transjordan, forces of Iran
Will make the splendid pageant more complete;
They will never miss the Maquis
When they watch the stout Iraqi—
"But what's become of Elas?" ask the people in the street.

Let them cheer the columns, the artillery and tanks,
Filter in non-combatants as well,
March industrial units among the fighting ranks,
And uniformed civilian personnel!
Nothing stirs the public like a military show,
Victory's a military feat!
The battle drums are drumming!
The Allied chiefs are coming!
"But where are Ike and Zhukov?" ask the people in the street.

Architects of victory taking the salute,
Hurricanes and Spitfires flying past!
Ack-ack guns and howitzers rumbling on the route!
The best parade, the longest, and the last.
All the late inventions of the military art,
Magnificent, but wholly obsolete,
For after the Te Deums
They are bound for War Museums—
"And what about the atom?" ask the people in the street.

Man-power of the Empire in battle dress arrayed,
Swinging by the last war's Cenotaph!
There's nothing like the tonic of a Victory Parade
For cheering the Imperial General Staff.
Pomp and pride and circumstance of good, old-fashioned war!
Sightseers on a million aching feet!
"The Generals of all nations
"Have arrived for our ovations,
"And we can't let down the Generals," say the people in the street.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

I HOPE that the publication of Mr. Rootham's book on Mihailovich, and the authoritative review of it by Brigadier Maclean this week, will put an end to a foolish controversy. The broad facts have been known to readers of this journal ever since 1943. General Mihailovich did not put up any effective resistance to the Germans after the first few months, and his forces were used against the Partisan armies which, by one of the most surprising feats of arms in the entire war, held their own against fifteen German divisions in Yugoslavia. The evidence of Mr. Rootham, who served with Mihailovich, combined with that of Brigadier Maclean who was in command of the British Military Mission to Tito, is conclusive. There is no room for dispute that Mihailovich's staff not only fought against the Allies, but actually collaborated with the Germans. The only point that is not proved (though I have friends who say they have seen documents that are conclusive on this point, too) is whether Mihailovich was personally party to negotiations with the Nazis. Churchill was, of course, in full possession of the facts when he decided to repudiate Mihailovich in the House of Commons.

* * *

I have an odd footnote to add. This journal has published several letters from a gentleman who signs himself Lt.-Comdr. Harper or Hasper and who gave his address as Downside, Findon, Sussex. He declared that he had been with Mihailovich from August 1943 until January 1945, and he added other surprising details, such as that a poster offering rewards for both Tito and Mihailovich had been put up by the Germans in November, 1945 (which was six months after the end of the war). In subsequent correspondence with Brigadier Maclean and Col. Greenwood (who was one of the party which was evacuated from Mihailovich's H.Q. at a date Mr. Hasper said it was impossible) this strange correspondent admitted that he had given three wrong dates, but continued to assert that he was with Mihailovich, though neither Brigadier Maclean nor Col. Greenwood could find any record of his presence. An express letter to the address given by Mr. Harper or Hasper has been returned, "not known."

* * *

Last Sunday's *Observer* carried under the heading "Labour Rebels call for Foreign Office Reforms," a piece of news to the effect that the Committee of External Affairs group of the Parliamentary Labour Party had prepared a report for presentation to Mr. Bevin this week. According to the *Observer's* Special Correspondent this report, which is to reach Mr. Bevin before the Labour Party Conference opens in Bournemouth next week, calls for the transfer or dismissal of many representatives in Eastern Europe and the Middle East, and singles out certain Ambassadors and Ministers for attack. On this news item I have two comments to make. One, that if such a confidential document was in fact ready for presentation to Mr. Bevin, it would be wrong from every point of view to give publicity to its contents. My second comment is that in fact no such document has even been presented to the External Affairs Committee for consideration, let alone to Mr. Bevin.

* * *

The Foreign Secretary, it is said, was until recently disposed to put the British Council in the tumbril. Influenced, no doubt, by Sir Findlater Stewart's enquiry, he has decided to give the Council a new lease of life, and his choice of Sir Ronald Adam as the Council's Chairman is a real brainwave. Behind most of the plans for humanising military service during the last five years have been the energy and imagination of this fine citizen-soldier. As Adjutant-General, he sponsored such innovations as Army Psychiatry, Personnel Selection, ABCA and Army Education, and many of his humane values have found their way into the blueprint for the post-war Army. He is a genuine democrat, whose ideas of projecting British culture abroad are wider than those manifested at Embassy garden parties. He will get about, too, for as one of his colleagues recently said of him, "His genius includes an infinite capacity for taking 'planes." He is wholly free from that crankiness and religiosity which so often seem the major industrial risks of military employment. Sane and shrewd, Ronald Adam could be expected to make the British Council a valuable medium of the better diplomacy.

* * *

I am glad to see that George Hall and Creech-Jones have at last published their plans for reforming the system of recruitment and training of our Colonial Service. It was also wise to publish as an Appendix to the White Paper a memorandum by Sir Ralph Furse which indicates very bluntly the degree of resistance to be expected from many officials in the Colonies to these reforms. A few regret the traditional attitude of racial superiority and try to establish ordinary human relationship with native peoples. Here is at least one lesson which we can certainly learn from the Russians who have abolished racial inequality in their attitude to coloured people. One thing I very much hope that Mr. Hall will stamp out is the obstinate determination of certain selection boards to keep up the standard of the service by preferring public schoolboys. I was told of a glaring case only the other day. A selection Board was sitting to choose district officers for Palestine. One candidate had excellent brains and a good war record in which, despite not being at a public school, he had risen from the ranks to being a Lieutenant-Colonel. Both the members of the Board who had colonial experience regarded him as perfectly suitable for the job. The Chairman, however, who has never served abroad, voted against him because, socially, he wasn't quite right.

* * *

Several people have asked me why the Red Army is not to march in the Victory Parade on Saturday. I have checked up carefully, and the facts seem to be as follows. The formal invitation to send a contingent was presented to the Soviet Government on February 25th. No answer was given, and the British Ambassador approached the Soviet Government on four occasions requesting a reply to the invitation. Finally, on May 25th, the Soviet Government informed our Ambassador that it would not be able to send a contingent. People who should know assure me that one should not take the refusal or the method of giving it as an act of discourtesy. The Russians are refusing everything these days and it was just part of their general line. But it is just small things of this sort which do them such damage in this country. If a contingent of the Red Army had marched this Saturday, it would have stolen the show. The London crowds still want to like the Russians and to show their gratitude to the Red Army for what it did for this country. Can it be that the Russians do not want a contingent of the Red Army to return from London and report the overwhelming friendliness of the British people?

* * *

Those who have worked at the art of writing will find themselves violently in agreement with George Orwell's article on *Politics and the English Language* in the April issue of *Horizon*. Not to use trite metaphors; always to prefer the concrete to the abstract; to cut every unnecessary word; to use the active rather than the passive, the English rather than the foreign phrase and the short rather than the long word—all these are the commonplace rules of good writing. If you wish to move a stage further, read R.L.S. on the subject, or C. E. Montague's essay *Easy Reading, Hard Writing*. But Orwell's article is interesting because he declares, I think rightly, that the simple rules for good straightforward English are increasingly neglected in current writing about politics. He gives some crushing examples. I like especially his translation of a "passage of good English into modern English of the worst sort." He quotes a well-known verse from *Ecclesiastes*:—

> I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Here it is in Orwell's modern English version.

> Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

* * *

Life is never dull in the village of Charing Cross. Only a year ago a man was murdered in Villiers Street, and a few weeks ago I traced Jeremy to Charing Cross Station. This week an even more unlikely event occurred. I was awoken by the police at 5.30 in the morning with the information that somebody had been trying to steal my car, which had been left outside the house. It says a lot for discipline that they kept their faces straight. Mine is not the kind of car that you would expect anyone to steal. It hasn't any front, and birds build under the eaves, using apparently some of the upholstery to line their nests. However, the police had caught a man trying to open the door and I had to go to Bow Street to give evidence that I had authorised no such proceeding. Waiting, I heard the usual string of prostitutes pleading guilty and paying their fines with cheerful condescension. (There is a mystery here; why are these particular girls chosen from so many?) Then there were the drunk and disorderlies and a man charged with begging who continuously interrupted the magistrate to explain that he could not help it. At last came my constable's turn. But he failed to convince the magistrate that the man who tried the handle of my car was trying to steal it. If the magistrate had seen the car, standing outside the police station, I feel sure he would have dismissed the case even more summarily.

CRITIC

DOCTORS AND TRIBUNALS

(From a Correspondent)

THE recent case of a doctor, wrongly expelled by the Medical Council and now happily reinstated after a decision in the High Court, raises a subject of great importance.

Clearly, issues involving questions of professional etiquette are best tried by a professional tribunal with specialised knowledge. Every profession in the United Kingdom is in fact subject to some such tribunal. Their procedure, and their decisions, are, according to quite well-established principles of law, exempt from interference or correction by the ordinary courts, save in cases where there has been some clear departure from the ordinary principles of justice. In other words, apart from quite exceptional instances, there is no appeal from the decision of such "domestic tribunals."

It might seem strange that a man who is sentenced to professional death has not at least equal rights of appeal with a man who is fined forty shillings for causing an obstruction with his motor car. But so far as matters of professional conduct are concerned, by necessity, the ordinary courts of law have confessed their limitations and the right of a profession to regulate its own affairs is by now well recognised.

The whole of the medical profession in the United Kingdom is thus subject to the "General Council" (better, but erroneously known as the General Medical Council). This body, in addition to exercising a number of other important functions, such as supervising the medical register and the standard of examinations for medical qualifications, exercises a disciplinary power over all registered medical practitioners

(and also, with a slightly altered membership, over all qualified dentists).

But the whole system, in order to be fair and just, must be kept within narrow limits. That is to say, just as the High Court leaves professional questions to the decisions of professional tribunals, so these tribunals should rigorously abstain from even attempting to enquire into matters which are essentially subjects for enquiry by the ordinary courts. For if the High Court, recognising its incapacity to judge of professional conduct, has left that function to others, the domestic tribunals should not forget that they too have their limitations.

The General Council, for example, has not even the power to receive evidence upon oath. Oddly enough, the Law Society, when investigating the affairs of peccant solicitors, can do so. Although the Council is assisted by a legal assessor who is a qualified barrister, it has not the benefit of the assistance of anyone with judicial experience.

It does not, therefore, involve any disrespect for the Council to state quite categorically that it is unfit by reason of its very constitution to decide the kind of issues which are involved in the trial of a criminal charge. Indeed, that fact is implicitly recognised in the Medical Act of 1858 which confers upon the Council its power of erasure, in these words :—

> If any registered medical practitioner shall be convicted in England or Ireland of any felony or misdemeanour, or in Scotland of any crime or offence, or shall after due enquiry be judged by the General Council to have been guilty of infamous conduct in any professional respect, the General Council may, if they see fit, direct the registrar to erase the name of such medical practitioner from the register.

The effect of the Act is that the Council must hold due enquiry before penalising a doctor for "infamous conduct," but that in the case of a doctor being convicted of certain classes of criminal offence, the Council shall accept the proof of his conviction as proof of his guilt and shall merely exercise a discretion as to whether the circumstances merit expulsion. The Act thus envisages that the confidence which the courts place in the rightness of the General Council's decisions in questions of professional conduct shall be reciprocated by the Council, and that it shall accept without question the findings of a criminal court as to the guilt of a professional man. Surely, where a charge is made against a practitioner, which is in substance a criminal charge (even though the circumstances are such that the act alleged might also be said to be infamous in a professional respect), common fairness requires (quite apart from the words of the Act) that the charge should be investigated in the ordinary way by a criminal court? And just as the Act requires that the Council should accept conviction as proof of guilt, so also should the Council accept acquittal as proof of innocence, and if the facts are not strong enough to justify criminal prosecution, they should not be regarded as strong enough to justify arraignment before the Council. Of course, the Council would never be precluded from investigating charges of unprofessional conduct arising out of an unsuccessful criminal prosecution, e.g. if the defence to a charge of rape were consent, even after an acquittal the Council could investigate whether the practitioner had been guilty of "infamous conduct," but it would have to accept consent as having been proved in such a case.

But to try a man on a charge of attempting to rape a patient, to refrain from putting the matter in the hands of the police, so that he could be tried with the safeguards which every other citizen has, and to convict him on that charge without evidence upon oath, without a right of appeal, without the assistance of a High Court Judge (who, in English Law, is alone competent together with a jury to try such issues), is surely a monstrous affront to the most elementary sense of justice. It so happens that the trial of sexual offences involves more intricate questions of law and has probably led to more successful appeals than almost any other type of crime. But then the General Council, not having the benefit of judicial experience, can hardly be blamed for not knowing that.

The position is certainly a fantastic one. Nor is the matter one of academic or limited concern. Trial by jury on a criminal charge is endangered by such a procedure. At present, it is true, it is only medical practitioners who stand in danger of being deprived of this elementary safeguard. But tribunals to determine the intricate and varied problems of post-war Britain are ever on the increase. Already we have Ministry of Food enquiries as to whether a retailer is fit to have a licence, tribunals sitting to determine questions of reinstatement in civil employment, and soon there will be rent tribunals too, and there are and will be many others. If these tribunals also decided to sidetrack the ordinary criminal law by investigating for themselves the question of whether a person had committed a criminal offence (and that is precisely what the General Council has done), trial by jury might vanish almost overnight for hundreds of thousands of citizens. True, no one could be actually sent to prison without a trial in a criminal court. But sentence of professional death, deprivation of one's employment, or the loss of one's business or home are for many, if not for most, the worst consequence of a conviction, and if the action of the General Council is to be followed these consequences, although resulting from a charge of criminal conduct, might follow without the matter ever coming before a jury.

ON CONSCRIPTION

"From New Year's Day onwards conscription will be confined to young men of eighteen, and their period of service will be limited by law to two years and, after the end of 1948, to eighteen months." Thus was peace-time conscription introduced last week by a Labour Government. It came, I must admit, as something of a shock. What, I wondered, would Keir Hardie have thought? Was there, I wondered, no tremor of the earth in churchyards and cemeteries where the myriad pioneers of the Labour movement turned in their pacifist graves?

My own early hatred of conscription derived from reading the famous passage in which Carlyle describes how a hundred young men are taken from their jobs in field, in factory and workshop, mailed like parcels overseas and dumped down on some foreign soil there to confront another hundred young men whom they had never seen and with whom they had no quarrel, with the intent that they might hurt and, if possible, kill them at the orders of the State. That, for me, was the point; the treating of a man not as an end in himself but as a means to the realisation of the ends of others—the offence against man as a moral being, the denial that man was a free being. And that, I submit, is the point now.

For the establishment of peace-time conscription is a repudiation of the ideals of a liberalism which regarded men as free, self-determining individuals and an implicit acceptance of a totalitarianism which treats them merely as expressions of the State's personality and as instruments of the State's will. In this sense conscription is a victory for the cause which we have just ostensibly defeated. Again and again at Nuremberg the prosecution has been at pains to show that the criminals must take *personal* responsibility for their actions; it is no defence, it has been pointed out, that they were only carrying out the State's orders. Yet that precisely, as it seems to me, is by implication the effect of the imposition of conscription. It takes away a man's personal responsibility, not only absolving him from the crime of killing, provided he kills at the order of the State, but abrogating his right to refrain from killing.

In the last five years, English boys have been conscribed and sent abroad to take the lives of Italians, Greeks, Indonesians and Malayans as well as of Japs and Germans. Conscription, then, is a denial of freedom and an affirmation of slavery, of slavery to the State. What is more, our statesmen know it to be so. "We all submit," said Mr. Churchill in his victory broadcast of June 4th, 1945, "to being ordered about to save our country. But when the war is over and the imminent danger to our existence is removed, we cast off the shackles and burdens which we imposed upon ourselves in dire and mortal peril."

It is, I think, no accident that all totalitarian States have employed conscription; nor, I suggest, can we resist the conviction that conscription has assisted them to be totalitarian. As Captain Liddell Hart points out in his recent book *The Revolution in Warfare*: "The principle of military service, embodied in the system of conscription, has been the means by which modern dictators and military gangs have shackled their people after a *coup d'état* and bound them to their own aggressive purposes."

What are the considerations which have led to the taking of this step? Security? But this assuredly is out of date. Was it, one wonders, ever valid? If you look through history you find that the nations which are always going to war are precisely those which have been the most heavily armed and defended. England and Prussia, France and Austria and Russia! Again and again these names turn up in the military history of Europe. Nor have wars ever been so frequent and so violent as those by which these nations have been engulfed since they became so nervous about their own security that they conscribed their subjects to defend them. Conversely it is the small and ill-defended countries, Portugal and Switzerland and Sweden and Eire, which sometimes escape. But whatever may be thought of the general bearing of this argument, its contemporary application seems conclusive; for against whom, it may be asked, is conscription now to be imposed? Against Germany and Japan?—but they are helpless. Against whom, then? Against America or Russia? But such a war, if it were to break out, would mean the end of England as a civilised society, whatever might be its effect upon her enemies. Professor Oliphant has just told us that the so-called germicidal spray of which reports have recently appeared in the American papers is probably a by-product of atomically disintegrated matter which, sprayed from the air, could destroy every living creature over thousands of square miles. Of what use are armies and navies, are even air forces, against this sort of thing?

If the consideration of security does not justify conscription, wherein is its justification? Is it in the safeguarding of our commitments? We are a Great Power and as such have commitments all over the world. Some of these commitments have been undertaken under the ægis of Uno These, it may be said, must be honoured. Unless young men are conscribed to honour them, those now serving will be retained for a longer period in the Army, which is manifestly unjust. Granted that the commitments *must* be honoured, this last is a strong consideration. But what, it may be asked, are the commitments? They are, for the most part, the commitments of Empire. Many of us would welcome their liquidation, but the children are in very truth suffering for the sins of the fathers and cannot, now that it has become a burden, easily relinquish the power which greed sought and ambition won. It is important, I think, to recognise that there is nothing ethically admirable in being a "Great Power." In so far as the commitments of Empire involve holding down other people by force or the fear of it, the power which conscription is needed to maintain is simply that of the bully and the blackmailer to impose his will upon other people by threatening them with gross physical suffering if they resist. Not a very winsome attribute of power, one would have thought, nor noticeably consonant with the precepts of the religion we are supposed to profess.

If, however, we assume that some of our commitments cannot be readily liquidated, and that the voluntary system cannot supply our military needs and that justice requires the release of men who have already served, why should not

peace-time conscription be introduced for a definite and limited period, for three years, let us say, or at most for five? My fear is that once we accept conscription as a normal peace-time requirement we shall, like other nations, find that we have shouldered a burden which we cannot lay down unless we take the precaution of specifically limiting in advance the period during which we propose to carry it. When we have regard to history, when we take into account the service that conscription has rendered both to tyranny and to war, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that, whatever immediate arguments may be adduced in its favour, the adoption of conscription by a liberty-desiring, peace-loving people must be a mistake. They may believe themselves to have accepted it as a safeguard against war but in fact they will be found to have surrendered the very freedom that war was fought to preserve and to have created instead an idol upon whose altar the lives of the next generation will be sacrificed no less surely than the liberties of this one.

C. E. M. JOAD

STUDENTS IN GERMANY

[This article concludes the series written by Mr. Fraenkel. The previous reports appeared in our issues of May 11th and May 25th]

WHEN Ellen Wilkinson visited Germany last year and made a little impromptu speech on the need for more independent thinking, a young schoolmistress came up to her, flushed with excitement at this new idea. But would not the Frau Minister, she asked, be good enough to give a few *Richtlinien* for it?

"Guiding lines" for independent thought—a good joke if it were not such tragic evidence of the ravages inflicted by twelve years of "*Führerprinzip*" on a soil all too fertile for that sort of growth. How find Germany's new teachers in such a flock of sheep? Certainly not by the Control Commission's routine system of questionnaire-cum-interview. It can only be done by co-operating, more fully than at present, with reliable German authorities.

Some progress has recently been made on these lines in the British Zone. Trusted men, like Grimme in Hanover and Landahl in Hamburg, are now allowed to assist in the selection of teachers. Landahl told me that as often as not, when the British authorities propose a man with a "spotless" questionnaire, he has to turn him down on the strength of local knowledge about the man's behaviour during the past twelve years. On the other hand, when he and his staff considered a young man and woman deserved a chance in spite of their having been members of various Party "formations," the British authorities frequently concurred, and had good reason to be pleased with the results of a six months' special retraining course, with the emphasis on "ideological" debunking no less than schooling. Most of these young men and women will turn into acceptable teachers.

Many, however, of that generation, now in their twenties, will present a formidable problem for a long time to come. This applies particularly to the University students, and to the far more numerous would-be students. At Bonn University, with 400 vacancies for the present summer term, there were twenty times as many applications and it is much the same at any German University. Uncomfortable living conditions are no deterrent. For instance, at Kiel, some of the students had to be housed in three old ships moored in the battered port near the makeshift lecture rooms. When I got there in April, two of the three ships had just been removed on Reparations account. Some 130 girl students in the remaining ship paid from M.15 to M.40 per month for their share of a bunk. Their total monthly income is about M.150, earned usually by translating, typing and similar work. Few of them had any illusions about the difficulties of making a living, let alone achieving a career, once they secured the coveted academic degree.

A grave handicap is the appalling shortage of books and even note-books or ordinary writing paper. At Bonn, a young law student, son of a well-known Düsseldorf lawyer, told me that he and most of his friends had practically no books at all, and that of all the many Düsseldorf lawyers he knew, only three were lucky enough to have retained their law books unbombed. The majority of his fellow-students, I found, were herded in former air-raid shelters with practically no facilities for study; nor had they adequate public reading rooms and libraries. Most of the old University buildings had been destroyed. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, there is a mad rush for the academic professions, quite disproportionate to what the nation can absorb. With most of the professions (except theology) gravely overcrowded, the authorities are doing their utmost to discourage further growth of the "academic proletariat." For to-day, as after the last war, the Universities are becoming a hotbed of reaction and jingoism.

One would say that gifted working-class boys should be given a chance of filling the scanty academic vacancies. But this is easier said than done, as all facilities for preliminary schooling are still embryonic. Indeed, even among those who passed "matric" in the last years of the Nazi regime, the standard of knowledge is so low that, in all the Zones, "matric"-holders of 1942-44 are required to repeat the University-entry examination. In them one finds a deplorable mixture of apathy, cynicism, opportunism, self-pity, narrow-mindedness and crass ignorance, coupled with frustration and general hopelessness. "They do not and will not believe in anything; they consider everything a fraud and propaganda," complained an Aachen professor when reporting his experiences to the recent Detmold Congress of British Zone educationists. Others, again, having got over the wholesome shock of realizing the fraud of Nazism, have now nothing to take its place. Fine talk of democracy (with empty bellies) they find unconvincing, though some would like to believe in it. Speaking of such young people at the Detmold Congress, a woman teacher said these wise words: "*Demokratie ist eine Lebensform, die wir unserer Jugend erst einmal vorleben müssen.*"

To be shown democracy as a living thing and a going concern is something needed not merely by the youth of Germany, but by a good many grown-ups too. It can be done only by solving the economic problem first, by creating living conditions nearer normalcy, and by giving an outlet for the still frustrated *Aufbauwille* of a good many well-meaning and bewildered Germans.

One day, having lost my bearings among the ruins of Bremen, I was shown the way to the *Ratskeller* by a good-looking and intelligently eager young man. He had been employed in a munitions works, and had been in a concentration camp for promoting ca' canny. There could be no doubt about his (and his family's) anti-Nazi attitude. He told me that, being a highly qualified technician, he stood a good chance of being accepted for emigration to Brazil, and he was going to build up a new life there. Pointing to the rubble all round us, I asked if there wasn't enough for him to rebuild in Bremen. "Why should I?" he said, "I didn't tear it down." And, as I was about to answer him, he cut me short: "I know you are going to tell me about guilt and responsibility. I know that Germans are guilty of all this mess. But I don't feel guilty. I did my best to stop it. I suffered for it too." He stopped, giving a savage kick to a piece of rubble in his way. Then, walking on with a frown, he continued: "I come from East Prussia, and I have lost my home for good and all. I have lost all my family too. I haven't even got a decent job. My life so far has been one bloody hell. I'll soon be twenty-seven, and I want to make something out of my life in a nice, sunny, tidy country. Can you blame me?" As I left him, I could only hope that young men like this might soon have a little better chance of doing a "decent" job of work at home. Heaven knows, there is enough to be done.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

RADIO NOTES

IT is right that we should look for a little of everything from serial plays—a fantasmagoria of sentiment, farce, drama and music such as Charles Lamb enjoyed in the pantomimes of his day, and such as people expected from the big Drury Lane spectacles of my boyhood. Apart from radio serials we have nothing of this kind nowadays, since the cinema, which killed Drury Lane melodrama, has since developed along quite different lines, separating the genres instead of combining them. With a few exceptions of horrible ineptitude, I admire Drama's management of the serials, but I often think they might let themselves go rather more in the direction of fantasy and the imaginative combination of genres. Louis MacNeice and Stephen Potter have shown how this can be done on a small scale, but while serials continue to be adapted from novels the scope for extempore flights of fantasy is likely to remain restricted to what the novelist himself has indicated. What is needed is an imaginative writer who could be persuaded to construct what painters call large machines, in which constant surprise—beauty, absurdity, terror—would be balanced by a poetic sense strong enough to make a consistent whole out of wildly disparate elements: a modern Zola, in fact. Even an Eugène Sue would be better than nothing. Candidates whose names occur to me: Rayner Heppenstall, Mervyn Peake, Joyce Cary, Alex Comfort, Dylan Thomas, William Sansom. It is never fair to judge a serial on the evidence of the first, or even of the first two, episodes. Not only has the shape of the thing got to emerge gradually, but the characters ought to be more lovingly built up than ever they can be in a 75-minute play. *Dombey and Son* still seems to be playing itself in, though it is audibly improving every week. I shall be surprised if it turns out quite so well as *Jane Eyre*, which started with a bang and only fell off when the original book, by failing to fulfil the promise of its opening chapters, made this inevitable. (Still, we shall not soon forget those early episodes, especially Gladys Young as the dying Mrs. Reed.) At present I feel that in *Dombey* the characterisation is in danger of becoming *too* broad: Mr. Dombey ought not to be a mere puppet, or the desolation of his later life will not appear tragic; nor ought the old salts to blow us right out of our chairs. The difficulty for the actor in this kind of part is doubtless enormous, but "when in doubt, underplay," is a golden rule, especially where the lines will not bear much insistence. David de Saram, as little Paul, is something of a discovery. The pathos is genuine because it seems natural. Wistfulness is not invariably phoney, particularly when it is associated with illness. My colleague, Mr. Lionel Cranfield, writing about the novel in "Books in General" some time ago, shocked me deeply by the heartless fun he thought fit to poke at this unfortunate child, calling him a slyboots (I quote from memory) and even going so far as to predict a wasted and disreputable future for him, if he had been spared. A most unnecessary and tasteless sally, to which Master de Saram's acting rightly gives the lie. Meanwhile I look forward to the entry of Cleopatra Skewton and Edith Granger. Is it too much to hope that Major Bagstock will be entrusted to Jack Train?

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, June* 9th. Concert (2.30 p.m.); Travelling Showman (7 p.m.); Mozart Concert (9.30 p.m.).

Monday, June 10th. Reading a Newspaper (Tom Hopkinson, 7.40 p.m.).

Tuesday, June 11th. Books and Writers (L.P. 6.40 p.m.).

Wednesday, June 12th. Book Talk (V. S. Pritchett, 6.20 p.m.); Verdi Requiem (7 p.m.); Picture Parade (L.P., 9.15 p.m.).

Thursday, June 13th. Art of Good Dressing (4 p.m.); Concert (7.10 p.m.).

Friday, June 14th. Marco Polo (9.30 p.m.); Louis MacNeice (11.30 p.m.).

Saturday, June 15th. The Story of a Bill (E. R. Thompson, 7.45 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"From This Day Forward," at the New Gallery
"Dark Corner," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion
"New York's Night Club Boom," March of Time

From This Day Forward is sufficiently out of the ordinary to be a disappointment. It looks like the work of two hands—and perhaps is, since Garson Kanin was responsible for the script, while John Stahl directed. One point of view, at any rate, provides the story of a young married couple, the struggle against unemployment, the background of indigent relatives, slum streets, dance halls, and anniversaries. Some good interiors, some natural voices and features raise our hopes. Here is the possibility of a film as distinctive as *Love on the Dole* (which, by the way, enjoyed a remarkable success in America last year). But then comes the second point of view. This says: All right, make it as actual as you like, but remember that's only background and it's the love story that counts. So the two lovers are chosen—Miss Joan Fontaine and Mr. Mark Stevens—and they look very well as lovers, or would if we didn't see far too much of them. But what have they to do with this tale of back streets and unemployment? Don't they, with a sort of embarrassed tact, walk on as though they were themselves slumming? Their accents, clothes, manners make hay of the story. One might accept the ice-box that in American living seems to survive unemployment or anything else, but the starry attitudes—no. Many of the best scenes are spoilt by a last sentimental flourish: the police-court sequence, for example, in which the harsh detail is broken by the overacted innocence of both hero and heroine; and again, when Miss Fontaine leans out of the window sobbing goodbye, and is generously soused with rain as she makes her little speech. However, despite the claims of Romance, *From This Day Forward* does at moments bring a breath of life to the screen, and for that one is properly grateful. Many of the lesser parts (Henry Morgan and others) are beautifully done. The photography, too, is pleasing.

Dark Corner is yet another thriller in the line of *The Maltese Falcon*. We have become inured to the private detective whose methods are indistinguishable from those of the crooks he is mixed up with; he drinks, keeps his hat on, tortures, has an affair with his secretary, and so forth. If he stops short of murder, he's lucky. Mr. Mark Stevens (again!) plays this Laddish role, and Miss Lucile Ball follows him whenever he follows someone else. But the honours of this piece go to William Bendix who, in a white suit, beaten up, and committing murder, makes his usual powerful impression. Although there is no new touch in *Dark Corner*—unless one adduces a *motif* of smashed thumbs—this film is quite a fair specimen of its kind.

The new *March of Time* gives us a glimpse into the 40,000 night clubs—I think that was the figure—that have grown up in America to mitigate the peace. The licences that have to be obtained, the artists being groomed, the tips paid, the gossip-writers, the sheep-like addicts of a dreary and expensive habit—these are paraded before us without comment; and almost the only exciting moment is the tour of a wonderfully burnished kitchen. To give depth to this picture of post-war restlessness one would like to add the housing shortage, the police graft, the murder-rate, the strikes, the revival of the Ku-Klux-Klan. But that is the kind of perspective, I suppose, that can be applied only to other nations.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"As You Like It." Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

Even for the heretic who denies the charm of the laurel-obstructed entrances, the microphone-magnified asides, the battle against midges and oncoming rain that are inseparable from English cross-country Shakespeare, this year's *As You Like It* in Regent's Park must have attractions. For one thing, Miss Vivienne Bennett gives a view of Rosalind's often irritating archnesses that is always tender, intelligent and delightful to the ear, in spite of the fact that her polished but delicate talents do not lie along the way of animal spirits and horridly vivacious chop-logic. Mr. John Byron plays that rather stodgy Elizabethan juvenile lead, Orlando, with a despondent self-mockery in green-sickness not to be found in the part, but welcome; and Miss Mary Honer's childish sweetness has unexpected gusto after so many Celias who underline the references to lethargy until the audience begins to respond. Together with a resonant Jacques, who might have come straight from the Arts Theatre Club bar, and a Spring poem of a William, these three carried the evening. The banished court seemed more than a little cowed by their living-conditions, and Touchstone never rose to the level of his own wit; but as the lights came up and the greens and reds of the costumes echoed the curiously late Victorian richness of the semicircle of trees, the play became perhaps more truly itself than it can behind a proscenium arch, where props add to the already self-sufficient artificiality of style. Mr. Robert Atkins wisely avoids over-production, and has succeeded in giving even the ducal ramifications pace.

"The Partisans," at the St. Pancras Town Hall.

It was enterprising of the Workers Music Association to commission an opera on a subject connected with the recent war, and astute of them to choose, in Mr. Inglis Gundry, a young composer who has a natural talent for the stage. *The Partisans* is a short opera, written to the composer's own text; the location of the action is unspecified, the intention being to dramatise the spirit of resistance which flared up during the German occupation all over Europe, but more especially in the mountainous regions. Frequent references to "the Marshal," however, coupled with Mr. Gundry's liberal and effective use of Greek and Yugoslav folk-tunes, necessarily result in the spectator's associating what he sees with the revolutionary movement of Marshal Tito. The best part of the opera is the choral writing which shows a feeling for spaciousness and climax; in particular, the choral dance descriptive of a train-wrecking expedition is worked up to a pitch of real theatrical excitement. But the "Partisan Dancers" which follow go on for much too long, while the announcement of the burning of the village which closes the first act is so casually treated that it fails to make its proper effect. Generally speaking, the work suffers most from the absence of solid characters and true conflict: neither Germans nor Quislings are seen, and the whole cast is more or less uniformly heroic and devoted to the Cause. Apart from this major flaw, there are many naivities in the libretto which a more experienced writer would have avoided; thus, "*Solo voice:* We were born to be harmful—*Chorus:* But not like the Fascists! . . . *Solo:* We were born wild and cruel—*Chorus:* But not like the Fascists!" One sees what is meant, but it might have been more tactfully put! And is there a single word in the English language more awkward to sing than "Fascism"?

"Portrait in Black," at the Piccadilly.

If you suspect that your wife and her lover are thinking of murdering you, take them to this play. Its moral is that partners in crime come to distrust and hate one another. The American authors show a good sense of the theatre, but the play is wrecked by two irretrievable faults. The spectator cannot wish the guilty to be caught, because the action is "seen," Jamesianly, through their eyes; and though beastly they are not superficially disgusting. And then the excitement turns not on who committed the murder but on who wrote the anonymous letter denouncing the murderers; the answer, when it comes, is quite unacceptable, so that the spectator feels he has been defrauded. A further annoyance is that the guilty pair talk and kiss most unplausibly in a room where anyone on the staircase can see and hear them. A melodrama does not need to be realistic, but this play pretends to be more than a melodrama. It could be saved, therefore, only by virtuoso acting, which it does not receive. Miss Diana Wynyard allures in a series of black frocks, but makes nothing interesting of her part; Mr. Ronald Squire seems puzzled by the thinness of his lines, which even he cannot make telling; and Mr. Hugh Williams playing an infatuated boob never makes us feel his infatuation.

THINGS TO SEE

LAST week I should have mentioned among the exhibits at the British Museum the extraordinary jewels from the 7th century grave at Sutton Hoo now shown for the first time. "They might be Cartier," exclaimed a friend of mine for whose taste I have a deep respect. This was intended as a compliment and is certainly a truth. The amazing craftsmanship of these Dark Age objects achieves just the rigidity that for my part I deplore in most modern jewellery. But this treasure is a noble gift and an important acquisition.

Incomparably the most beautiful novelties now visible in London are the two Velasquezs on loan at the National Gallery. They represent the artist's sister and brother in the guise of saints, and confirm simultaneously one's worship of Velasquez as a painter and one's disbelief in him as a religious painter. Also on loan is a Lancret, the most charming I ever saw, though the composition is not unified. The new Director is continuing the enlightening practice of hanging together pictures of different schools: Lord Lee's Breughel, for instance, is next a Goya, and works by Titian and his belated pupil, Reynolds, are close enough to be compared.

I look forward to an exhibition of contemporary Italian painting at the Redfern next week. Meanwhile, I must mention an exhibition at the Beaux arts of works by Andreola Vinci, for this is about to close. The variety of style weakens the impression made, but the landscapes of the Marches reveal a very delicate and pleasing talent. ROGER MARVELL

AN AGE OF HORSES

WHEN I was a child I lived in an age of horses,
Of leisurely landaus and sage old coachmen,
Buses and hansom cabs.
They are all mouldered away to dust and legends.
The proud cart-horse even, with tufted fetlocks,
Is growing rare as a circus elephant.
Smock-frocks, top-hats, gold sovereigns, parasols,
The Italian with his monkey on his organ,
Candles, with whose soft lips of wax we played,
Warming-pans and four-posters—all are vanished.
To-day children and men have other cults:
Motors, gadgets, airplanes are the gods
They worship. When the last of us are gone,
Even regret and memory will have perished.

R. C. TREVELYAN

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. B. Williamson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

There can scarcely be a single member of the human family who has no happy memory of a British cruiser.—*The Seagoer.*

Either because players are more restrained or because the Wisbech and District, Cambridgeshire, Cricket League is more broadminded, the League's rule against obscene language on the field has been deleted.—*Daily Mirror.*

War correspondents' status and temporary rank are clearly something that will have to be internationally settled before the next war.—*The Listener.*

A club known as the Left Wing Club applied and was refused on the grounds that it was a political organisation, so it changed the name to the Cleft Wing Club and was accepted.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

They put their heads together over various editions of the Decameron, laughed a lot, and reluctantly came to the conclusion that the stories would not lend themselves to radio adaptation.—*Radio Times.*

Correspondence

COMMUNIST AFFILIATION

SIR,—Most of the arguments I read about Communist affiliation seem to me strangely and unnecessarily complicated. Surely the position is clear.

(1) Communists believe that there will be no peace or well-being for mankind until we achieve the international classless society; that the basis of this society has been laid in the U.S.S.R.; that every advance of Soviet power and influence is therefore a step towards their Utopia; that the instrument of advance is the international C.P. working in the closest harmony with, and obedience to, Moscow.

(2) Both on grounds of theory and experience they hold that Social Democrats are dangerous enemies because they compete with the C.P. for the leadership of the masses, whose revolt, under C.P. leadership, is the decisive factor in the struggle.

They believe that Social Democrats always have divided minds, are held back from necessarily ruthless action by bourgeois scruples, and in the last resort betray the workers. They may decide that it is good tactics to co-operate with Social Democrats, or with any other party, for a time, but sooner or later it must be the duty of the Communists to discredit colleagues who imperil the only objective that matters. Clearly C.P. ethics demand this unpleasant duty, since morality is only related to the advance of the classless society. As long as this is clearly understood it may often be equally good tactics for Social Democrats to co-operate with Communists on particular issues.

(3) What, then, of England? Within or without the Labour Party Communists will support Socialist measures carried out by the Labour Government unless they regard the external policy of the Party as likely to lead Britain into collision with the U.S.S.R. Their present policy would be unchanged if they were in the Party. They would impart great energy and impetus to Labour's home programme and violently oppose Ernest Bevin's foreign policy, and would watch for the opportunity to destroy all leadership which in external affairs led to anything but the closest agreement with, or subservience to, Soviet policy.

(4) Those who believe that Bevin is leading Britain into the position of a satellite of the United States and ultimately into war with the U.S.S.R. may therefore decide to support affiliation simply on the ground that Ernest Bevin's position will thereby be weakened, and that war with the Soviet Union would therefore be rendered less likely. Those, on the other hand, who hope that Bevin's policy will not lead to that disaster, or is less likely to do so than a policy of subservience to Russia which would be followed by violent reaction, will naturally oppose Communist affiliation.

SOCIALIST

WESTERN EUROPE'S DILEMMA

SIR,—I do not wish to participate in one of those all-too-familiar exchanges in which each correspondent conscientiously scores points by evading them. Mr. Boothby will not provoke me into sidetracking the argument by accusations of "fawning subservience to the Soviet Government." But if I did not make myself plain, may I ask your indulgence to apply a hammer to the nails?

There are two inter-related points. First, this question of co-operation between the Big Three. Mr. Boothby calls such an idea not only "fantastically unreal," but "*open to the gravest objections* (my italics) if it could ever be worked." He not only doesn't think it can work, he doesn't *want* it to. I suppose I should not expect him to be impressed by Mr. Bevin: nevertheless the view of the British Foreign Secretary—not a man whom even Mr. Boothby could accuse of "fawning subservience to the Soviet Government"—is valid testimony. In the Foreign Affairs debate this week Mr. Bevin repeatedly insisted that co-operation between the Big Three is the only safe basis of peace. He knows what the alternative means. "It is only if Russia enters freely into a European settlement that there can be any guarantee of permanent peace on the continent of Europe." And again: "We can and we must, if everybody is willing, bridge the gap now existing between the East and the West, since otherwise the peace will be no more durable than that after 1919."

More convincing to Mr. Boothby, maybe, would be the view of Field Marshal Smuts. In his broadcast from London last week, arguing that U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and the British Commonwealth must work together for world security, each having something to contribute, he said: "If, for instance, UNO were worked on this basis and in this spirit, with the Big Three harmonious among themselves, and as big brothers giving a helping hand to the smaller peoples now growing up as younger members of the human family, how much trouble the world would save itself, how much happier and more secure we all should feel! *This surely was the underlying idea of the veto principle in the Charter of UNO.*"

Surely this is the realistic view of world security, the only one that carries us forward into sight of a new era instead of backwards into the proved fatality of a so-called balance of power. To abandon this goal in favour of a world split into antagonistic halves, including a divided Germany which will become the coveted tom-tiddler's ground of rival ideologies must be a desperate second-best rather than, as Mr. Boothby seems to think, something to be jumped at. Mr. Bevin was right when he argued on Tuesday that a Four Power Treaty for the control of a single Germany was a much truer guarantee of security for all concerned than "harnessing a few satellite weak states as buffers."

And what, to be blunt, is Mr. Boothby's brand of Western Bloc but a group of British satellites? This brings me to my second point. If, in spite of all, we should ultimately be forced to accept a Western Bloc in default of Big Three co-operation, then there is one indispensable and fundamental condition of its success. A so-called Social-Democratic Bloc under British leadership that would accept, say, Franco Spain, or neo-fascist Greece, into membership as a matter of strategic convenience, would lose the respect of real democrats everywhere and would fatally discredit the British case in the world. If we are to be quite sure that by a Western Bloc we do not mean merely a group of compliant satellites—as Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia are held to be the compliant satellites of Russia—we must pursue a foreign policy that plainly and unmistakably gives the lie to such a suspicion. In fact, to carry moral sanction, and therefore to succeed, any such association of Powers must be inspired by a common political conviction, i.e., must be based on principle, not on expediency. Otherwise it cannot pursue a coherent policy, and certainly not one that offers the newly emerging forces in Europe a convincing democratic alternative to the gospel from the East. Mr. Boothby's league of western industrialism is a pretty shabby substitute. GERALD BARRY

SARAWAK

SIR,—It is natural now to regard the extinction of Sarawak's independence as a *fait accompli*, and to suppose that further controversy reflects only a family squabble within the ex-dynasty. But since there are important issues of principle still at stake, it may be useful to review the course of events.

Phase 1. While Sarawak was still under enemy occupation, and while the Coalition Government was in power in England, the Colonial Office informed the Sarawak Provisional Government that the existing treaty relationship was unsatisfactory and that it proposed to take control of Sarawak's internal affairs. The proposal was accompanied by a warning that in the event of failure to proceed in agreement, His Majesty's Government would take their own course. The Provisional Government refused to yield to pressure of this kind, and replied that the status of Sarawak could not be altered without the constitu-

Spinners of Silk

HSIAO CH'IEN

"No European, however well he knew China, could have told us in quite this way with those delicate colours and tones about the student and his silkworms . . . Mr. Ch'ien has the knack of securing poignant effects with apparently the simplest of means."

—*Daily Dispatch* (*Manchester*)

"He displays the fine instinct of the artist throughout."

—*Life and Letters*

3rd impression 6s. net

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

READY TO-DAY

ANNA COLLETT

Barbara Lucas

COMPTON MACKENZIE writes:

"As poignant a piece of sustained emotion as I have read for a long time in contemporary fiction . . . A genuine novelist. Indeed the whole construction is so apparently effortless that I doubt if any except another novelist would realise what good craftsmanship it is."

9s. net.

Recommended by The Book Society

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Prof. A. C. Pigou

INCOME: An Introduction to Economics

Professor Pigou considers that as a method of introducing economics "Income" is a less forbidding approach than, for example, "the laws of demand and supply." His little book, based on and in the main reproducing seven lectures given in Cambridge, aims to outline a substantial part of the subject matter of economics in a way that the general reader will find clear and interesting.

5s.

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD.

JUNE 17

Black Metropolis

HORACE R. CAYTON & ST. CLAIR DRAKE

A clear and unchallengeable account of Negro life in industrial America and the problems that need solution.

18s.

Jonathan Cape

tional authorities first being restored and the people consulted. It supported its view with a high legal opinion, which the Colonial Office was unable to controvert, that Sarawak was an independent State in which Britain had no rights beyond those allowed by the Treaty of 1888 and its amendments.

Phase 2. The Colonial Office abandoned shaky legal ground, and based its policy instead on the compliance of the aged Rajah. He dismissed the Provisional Government and continued the negotiations in the character of sole representative of his country. The constitutionality of the dismissal was dubious; still more dubious was the Rajah's resumption of the autocratic status which he had formally laid down under the Constitution of 1941. The Colonial Office gave special facilities for his private secretary (whom the Secretary of State himself had to describe in the House as a person "of whom there has been some doubt") to visit Sarawak while it was under military government in order to prepare the ground. In due course, the Rajah announced his intention to abdicate and cede Sarawak to the Crown. He was to revisit Sarawak to resume the government and consult his State Council; but when the Secretary of State was asked what happened if the State Council dissented, he replied clumsily that it was nominated by the Rajah anyway, which suggested that its deliberations were to be regarded as a formality.

Phase 3. Meanwhile, disquiet had been expressed inside and outside Parliament. The Heir Presumptive asserted that the cession was unconstitutional, made by the Rajah without consulting his heirs or his people, and a violation of his accession oath. To meet these criticisms, the Colonial Office arranged for two M.P.s to visit Sarawak and investigate if cession was "broadly acceptable to the native communities." When the State Council met, the representatives of the native communities voted by 12 to 9 against cession, in spite of pressure and inducements to vote as the Rajah desired, and it was carried only by the votes of the European officers. The M.P. whose views have been published, Capt. Gammans, has confessed that the native peoples do not want cession, and can only say that he himself thinks cession would be good for them. The Secretary of State nevertheless announced immediately that cession would be accepted.

While, in India and Egypt, Britain is sublimating power into partnership, its policy towards this small Indonesian State suggests the most repugnant kind of imperialism. Is it too late to hope that public opinion may compel a revision of policy before the annexation of Sarawak, with its unpredictable material and moral consequences, is made complete?

MARTIN WIGHT

EX-SERVICEMEN'S COLLEGES

SIR,—Professor Sutherland's letter has voiced the hopes and feelings of most University teachers. There would therefore be no difficulty in finding visiting lecturers for any ex-Servicemen's colleges that can be got going. To find the necessary minimum staff of permanent teachers and tutors might prove a little less easy. But what is required first is (a) the building(s) and (b) the administrative staff(s). Presumably (b) can be had for the advertising. And to get (a) all that seems necessary is for the day-time colleges of London University to throw their buildings open to evening students—*i.e.*, to become temporary Birkbecks in addition to remaining University, King's, Queen Mary—and/or for camps like that at Little Gaddesden, built for and now vacated by American soldiers, to be converted into colleges ranking as colleges of London University.

GEOFFREY TILLOTSON

Birkbeck College, E.C.4

EDDINGTON MEMORIAL

SIR,—Your readers will need no reminder of the loss the world sustained through the death last year of Arthur Stanley Eddington, for more than thirty years Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. On Eddington's outstanding scientific achievements it would be superfluous to enlarge: his reputation in his own field was world-wide, and in this country his work was recognised by the Order of Merit.

But what most impels his friends to desire some permanent memorial of him was his remarkable combination of the scientific and the spiritual outlook. In his books he developed a view of life which would allow for and do justice to both. The present is often described as a scientific age; it is not conspicuously a spiritual age. No greater service could be done to it than by perpetuating in some way the double message which Eddington's life typified. As some contribution to that it is proposed to raise a fund for the endowment of an Eddington memorial lectureship dealing with the wider implications of science and especially with its bearing upon ethics and religion. The lectures will be delivered usually, but not always, in Cambridge, and will be published. The Royal Society, Eddington's college (Trinity) and the Society of Friends (of which Eddington was a life-long member) have agreed to appoint trustees for the fund. A capital sum of some £2,500 is required, and we believe that many of your readers will be glad to help in raising that amount. Donations should be sent to the honorary secretary of the memorial fund: Dr. W. H. Thorpe, Jesus College, Cambridge.

H. SPENCER-JONES — E. W. BIRMINGHAM
C. E. RAVEN — WILSON HARRIS
G. M. TREVELYAN

THE OUTLOOK FOR EDUCATION

SIR,—Most of your readers who are engaged in education could fill THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION with illustrations of the lack of drive and energy on the part of the administration to which your correspondent refers.

On May 20th Mr. Hardman, in a written answer in the House, stated that there are 3,250 students in training at Emergency Training Colleges and 14,400 accepted applicants awaiting entry. On the same day I heard from an ex-Serviceman who was accepted as suitable for training months ago and whose leave has now expired. Whilst awaiting further word from the Ministry he has offered his services to the Local Education Authority in any capacity to no effect. He cannot live on nothing and is now turning to other employment. His is by no means a solitary case.

There is an increasing sense of frustration in educational circles: from the supply of teachers to buildings and text-books the lack of any sense of urgency is the same. That the Tories should treat Cinderella with scant courtesy was not surprising, but we expect the Labour Party, which has wooed her for so long, now that it is in a position to do so, to feed and clothe her and to give her as much attention as any of the other seekers of its favours. More indeed, for an uneducated democracy is a contradiction in terms. If, as your contributor says, "the persons and institutions in whose hands the task lies are doing a good deal less than they could"—and I believe this to be true, from the top downwards, we have a right to ask a Labour Government, "Why?"

Twickenham — J. J. SULLIVAN

THE POLES

SIR,—I am amazed by the statement on page 370 of your issue of May 25th, that of those Poles about to be demobilised in this country, "the majority includes numbers whose political allegiance, to say the least of it, is highly dubious and who fought on the German side during the war." As regards the former point it would be interesting to know towards which particular Power is their allegiance characterised as dubious? As regards the second point, is it not a fact that these Poles were our faithful allies and fought gallantly *for* us and *against* the Germans in the Battle of Britain, at Cassino and elsewhere?

The Athenæum. CHARLES STEAD

[The facts may amaze our correspondent, but they remain facts. The Polish contingents on the Continent contain many who fought with great gallantry on the Allied side, but also some who were in the German S.S. and *Wehrmacht* and were captured by the Allies or surrendered to them.—ED.]

T. F. POWYS
Bottle's Path
'It is a real joy to get, after a ten years' interval, another collection of stories by T. F. Powys, a writer unique in his generation with a peculiar gift of style and interpretation of the human struggle' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. 'Moving, mad and lighted by that pitiful and desperate inspiration which, when this author is at his best, seems to work in him like a ruthless magic and persuade us into a strange kind of acceptance and satisfaction. . . . This very idiosyncratic writer continues to hypnotise' KATE O'BRIEN. 8/6 net
CHATTO & WINDUS

A BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL
EISENHOWER
The Allied Supreme Commander
By
ALDEN HATCH
This biography of General Eisenhower describes his boyhood in Kansas, his courtship, and gives intimate details of his family life and career
"This is a sympathetic, informative, graphic, shrewd and not at all sentimental account of a great man." DAILY EXPRESS.
24 illustrations and maps. Demy 8vo. 16/- net
A CONTINENT EXPERIMENTS
Lt.-Col. The Hon.
C. B. BIRDWOOD
Introduction by
THE EARL OF HALIFAX
K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
"What do you know of the Indian National Congress? Of Gandhi the man or Gandhi the Philosopher? Of the Moslem League and Pakistan? Of the Sikhs? . . . You can repair shortcomings in your knowledge of these interesting things by reading Colonel Birdwood's latest book." DAILY SKETCH
"A better background against which to view the present crisis would be hard to find." DAILY TELEGRAPH
20 illustrations and maps. Large demy. 21/-
SKEFFINGTON & SON, LTD.

HE WALKS ALONE
by R. J. Ellis
The absorbing story of one of the most remarkable personalities of modern times — Captain A. S. Cunningham-Reid, D.F.C., former M.P. for Marylebone. Not only is it a devastating commentary on the game of party politics, but it also turns a merciless spotlight on "society" and provides some amazing revelations of "high life" between the two wars.
12/6 net
W. H. ALLEN & CO. LTD.,
43 Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT & CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

THE Annual General Meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on June 5th in London. The Chairman, Mr. Herbert G. Tanner, J.P., said:—

Hugh Seebohm, who succeeded Harold Morland as Chairman in 1939, asked to be relieved of that office, and at the unanimous invitation of my colleagues I became Chairman.

You will have seen from the Report that the net figure for New Life Assurances amounted to £2,237,748, an increase of £127,141 over 1944.

The rate of interest earned was £5 2s. 8d. per cent. gross and £4 4s. 9d. per cent. after deduction of Income Tax.

The Century Consolidated accounts show that from the Fire, Accident and Marine Departments we were able to transfer £63,548 to the Profit and Loss Accounts.

The Profits, including interest, were £181,682, and once again a dividend (including bonus) of £150,000 has been declared and a balance of £327,613 has been carried forward.

Our holdings in British Government Securities now amount to £6,528,000.

With the encouragement of H.M. Government we have re-established our Foreign Agencies in Europe and Africa.

The total funds of the Friends' Provident & Century now amount to £24,000,000; its profitable investment requires constant study.

With the continuing drop in interest rates it is hardly to be hoped that this year's excellent rate will be maintained, and it is fortunate for our policy-holders that we have an important investment in The Century Insurance Company Limited.

The Report was adopted.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A HAUNTING preoccupation with failure, even a hankering after disaster itself, can frequently be seen in the lives of extremely successful men. So often born below normal and outside the pale, they seem to be driven unconsciously, however great their success, to complete the circle. Of this Anthony Trollope is an example of uncommon interest. The historian of the Trollope family would be bound to notice that, having seen a father go to ruin, Trollope himself took great pains at the end of his life to ensure his own. He himself could not foresee and did not suffer the disaster; it was a legacy to his descendants. He wrote his *Autobiography* and that was the end of Trollope for two generations.

Now, of course, a new opinion of Trollope exists. He has come back. Since 1918 he has become one of the great air raid shelters. He presides over the eternal Munich of the human heart and Barsetshire has been one of the great Never-Never Lands of our time. It has been the normal country to which we all aspire. As the religious wars continue and the new revolutions break out, we hide our heads in the sand of Victorian England between the Fifties and the Eighties, and admire the settled conventions and domestic quiet of that time. We wish for the ordinary condition of life. All the same, so restless have we become, so sharpened by our war-like life, we cannot pretend that Barsetshire would be endurable for long. Half our taste for Trollope is itself war-like; it is a weapon to use against our fathers, the aesthetes, who followed him. And the other half is not for the restful, ingenious Trollope of the novels, but for the unrest, the pugnacity underlying the flat honesty of his surprising *Autobiography*.* That phlegmatic and touching Murray's Guide to the literary career seems to us, more and more, the work of Trollope's that is likely to last. It is as plain as the pillar box, which he invented, and almost as much a universal benefaction. A civil servant so determined—as Trollope was—upon his duty to the public could not have written a more serviceable book.

In our own time the word "honest" has not been attractive when we have seen it attached to autobiography. The word has been a synonym for exhibitionism and we have not been able to see some writers for their nakedness. Surely to be virtuous is an art. Trollope's honesty convinces us because it is limited. He does not bamboozle us with his meannesses and bewilder us with his shames; he has not the sensibility to draw himself as a private figure, nor has he the complacency required for the public figure; unerringly he sees what predominantly he was—the professional man. That is the subject of his novels: the relation of men to their professions. The only shame that interests him is the shame, or, more exactly the wound, which drove him to the successful struggle of his life. If we look, at this point, to Miss Elizabeth Bowen's *Trollope: A New Judgement*, broadcast last year and now published in pamphlet form,† we shall appreciate that Trollope's book will last because it is honest about the source of the creative talent in his nature. Miss Bowen always gets under the skin of her subjects and is never misled by appearances. She has not been misled by the pragmatism, the bustling normality of Trollope. The *Autobiography*, she says in so many words, reveals two Trollopes, and one is not the normal man, but the outsider. Here are the words she puts into Trollope's mouth in an imaginary scene when he is explaining to a young, modern soldier, that we like Trollope not because he is unlike us, but because, in one sense, our situation is like his:

> Can't you see that my brush was tipped, from the first, with a desire that I could not forget? War isolates *you*, my friend, for the time being from your proper inheritance as a young Englishman. In my youth, I knew the same isolation—and that its reasons were different, only made it more bitter. I was a gentleman's son who was, apparently, never to be a gentleman and who knew no way of being anything else. My father, consuming himself as he consumed our fortunes, remorselessly confronted me with an ideal which I could not approach. For my failure—which had been his failure—he hated me and made me hate myself. He was at pains to place me where I should suffer most—I enjoyed I believe the unique distinction of being miserable—a butt, a failure—at *two* of the greatest English Public Schools. At the two great schools, my father's story was known—disclosed by his failure to pay my fees. All those years I was surrounded by schoolfellows who enjoyed what I should have had—who were poised, successful, assured. Could I fail to romanticise those other lives, those other futures, so unlike mine?

And again:

> I yearned for the ordinary like a lover.

Trollope's picture of normality was a mirage; a mirage which he imposed not only on his imagination but upon his life. A writer less vigorously decided upon translating the mirage into the terms of real life would have been left with the disparity between mirage and reality on his hands, and would have turned satirist. In Trollope satire is rare.

There is always an endearing and comical quality in the cautious man; the man who knows his own dimension and who declines the great moments, not out of meanness, but out of unabashed self-interest. What amuses us, I suppose, is the capacity for knowing how to live in character. The inadequacy of Gibbon when he sighs as a lover and obeys as a son, has never made him seem despicable; on the contrary, it has provided us with the eternal comedies of reluctance and prudence. We enjoy seeing what other people impose upon themselves; we like to see the bit as well as the spur applied to life. The interest of Trollope's *Autobiography* is, at first sight, similar to Gibbon's; but, on second thoughts, it is the very opposite. Gibbon is an honest man, but, as may be seen in his words on the death of his father, his taste was for the melancholy truth; with some complacency, he saw life as a series of model epitaphs. *Self Help* stands between Trollope and Gibbon, and Trollope finds truth plain and sees life as a question of the choice of habits. Gibbon progresses towards evening; Trollope has the day before him, a day packed with the interests of a double life. It is rather shocking that he is entranced by the postal service, that he can't stop thinking about hunting, that he is proud of the pillar box, piqued by his failure to be made head of the G.P.O., that he finds writing the Ministerial reports and improving their style "the greatest delight of my life"—shocking, but delightful. What a steam engine! And, even more delightful, is his blind, headlong way of adding all the other shocks. Up at 5.30 to get the day's writing done before breakfast, half an hour's reading of yesterday's work, then 250 words every quarter of an hour by the watch, 2,500 words a day, ten thousand words or more a week; one novel finished, the next begun a few hours later. A diary to check him, rules everywhere—never thank a critic or reply to him; that is the beginning of corruption—result: a solid, regular income, increasing prices, three days' hunting a week, the entrée into society, and the thing he wished for most after the misery of Harrow—popularity, the satisfaction of "the weakness I have for being loved." Nothing could be more modestly, more disarmingly presented; he disclaimed any thought of genius. He despised—see his absurdly unfair attack on the novels of Disraeli—the splendid. He did not even claim to be more orderly than he was, which he might easily have been tempted to do, for he admitted that he could never work out a plot properly and went at all the fences of novel-writing blind.

There is a temptation, of course, in reading this book, to enjoy the mean pleasure of seeing Literature in its underclothes; and I myself, when I pick up Trollope, am sometimes tweaked by the memory of those little figures in vests and long pants which used years ago to stand on the façade of a tailor's shop at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Gladstone, at a famous moment, was said to be changing his socks; and Trollope might similarly be said to be changing into his office trousers. But Trollope's account of his literary methods and his denial of inspiration, which were so deeply shocking to the generation that followed him, contained a profound truth. We ourselves begin to feel as strongly about the cult of the artist-writer, as Trollope's successors felt against the professional writer. There have been great artist-writers, but their influence on the not so great has been disastrous. "I only write when I'm inspired"—you either never write at all, or never finish what you begin. Worst of all you are not inspired. We do not deny that the fire may descend from Heaven as the result of well-directed prayer; but we suspect that Heaven helps them that help themselves and that the fire has to be lit on earth first. The commonest misfortune among creative writers is the lack of leisure; but the commonest temptation is, having leisure, to be idle in it. Trollope (who knew as much about idleness as anyone) very quickly learned that inspiration arises out of the habit of writing. Words grow out of words, characters out of characters, novels out of novels. Habit (this most domesticated of men must have said, as he left Mrs. Trollope's bed every morning at 5.30 a.m.) is everything.

We must not imagine Trollope plodded. On the contrary he wrote with gusto, he wrote fast, he wrote with the excitement of the huntsman. The weakness of the inspiration-school—he thought—was that inevitably they left everything to the last minute, scamped their work and lost in anxiety what they had gained in ecstasy. Another point: it is natural to think of Trollope as a fabricator of stories and Mr. Michael Sadleir, who cannot be said to be prejudiced against Trollope, uses the dreadful word "fictionist" to describe him. Yet Trollope saw the difference between having to tell a story and having a story to tell.

> . . . But many young fail also, because they endeavour to tell stories when they have none to tell. And this comes from idleness rather than from innate capacity. The mind has not been sufficiently at work, when the tale has been commenced, nor is it kept sufficiently at work as the tale is continued. . . . The novelist desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to him speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them.

Mr. Charles Morgan, who writes in his introduction to the new edition a hesitant and intelligent estimate of Trollope's place, points out that Trollope's earnings of £70,000 must be reckoned at around half a million in to-day's money; no such fortune has been made, outside the theatre, by any living novelist; nor would it nowadays be possible. There was nothing vulgar about Trollope's success; it does not seem outrageous or even comical like the colossal fortunes of the Victorian painters, for he cannot be said to have perverted the course of the English novel. For Trollope, as for most of us, success and power are necessary, not that he may surpass and overrule other people, but so that he may become like other people. Success meant merely that he was realised, integrated, rescued from the neurotic and wretched condition of his youth and young manhood; it was tempered by a moral sensibility to the virtue of his profession. And his account of this discovery of himself is not boastful or blankly assertive. Of all success stories it is curiously moving; it has the *pathos*, to use a favourite word of his, of the plain stuff of life.

V. S. PRITCHETT

**An Autobiography*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Introduction by Chas. Morgan. *Williams and Norgate*. 8s. 6d.

†*Anthony Trollope*. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Oxford University Press*. 2s. 6d.

TRUTH ABOUT MIHAILOVICH

Miss Fire. JASPER ROOTHAM. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To anyone who, like myself, is thinking of writing a war book, Jasper Rootham's eminently readable account of his mission to Mihailovich would in many respects serve as an excellent model. Major Rootham has an agreeable style and his book includes just enough "colour-stuff" to provide a background to his exciting story of guerrilla warfare and Balkan politics. Finally, as he points out in the preface, he has confined himself to "a truthful account of what one man saw, read and was told." It is its obvious truthfulness and moderation which makes *Miss Fire* a particularly valuable contribution to a controversy which has always tended to become clouded by propaganda and by the strength of feeling which it has aroused. If it is widely enough read it should help to place recent events in Yugoslavia in something approaching their proper proportion.

On first reading Major Rootham's account of his adventures in Yugoslavia, I could not help being struck at first sight by a superficial similarity between many of his experiences and those of my own mission. Like us, he and his companions, when they jumped from their Halifax bomber, were plunging into the unknown; on arrival, they had to contend with the same intense suspicion which the most well-meaning actions of H.M. Government never fail to arouse in foreign minds; they too were irritated by the probably quite unjust suspicion that at the other end of a very shaky line of wireless communications were sitting well-fed staff officers in Cairo with little or no sympathy for their point of view and equally little comprehension of their requirements. Innumerable small touches, too, sound a familiar note: the sudden moves; the long nights spent stumbling through woods or along hillsides; the tendency of full-size saddles to slip under the bellies of half-starved hill ponies; the tendency of charging-engines to run out of petrol, of wireless sets to break down, and of food to run out altogether. We also had in common some more agreeable experiences: spring in the forests; peasant hospitality and loyalty; the agreeable uncertainty of never knowing what was going to happen next.

But here the resemblance ceases abruptly. This straightforward account by an unprejudiced observer illustrates better than any amount of propaganda the fundamental difference between the Partisan and Chetnik movements. Tito's Partisans waged with a whole-heartedness typical of their Communist leaders a total and utterly ruthless war against the German and Italian forces of occupation, and against anyone else who stood in their way. This war they were determined to carry through to a victorious conclusion, with or without Allied help, or perish in the attempt. By it they caused the enemy damage out of all proportion to their numbers and resources and incidentally contained over a long period some 15 enemy divisions which might otherwise have been diverted to other fronts. Mihailovich's Chetniks, on the other hand, allowed themselves to be deterred by their early setbacks, by the absence of Allied help and by the brutal reprisals which the enemy inflicted on prisoners and on the civilian population. From resistance they drifted into inactivity and from inactivity many of them drifted into what Mr. Churchill has described as "accommodations with the enemy." Before long practically the only fighting in which they seem to have been engaged was against their own fellow-countrymen, the Partisans, their attacks often coinciding with, if not co-ordinated with, those of the Germans and Italians.

Major Rootham gives the best account that I have yet read of this deplorable process of evolution. He tells of the despairing efforts of the British liaison officers attached to his forces to induce Mihailovich and his commanders to take some offensive action against the enemy, efforts which sometimes met with response from the rank and file, but which were invariably frustrated by Mihailovich himself, who, it appears, actually degraded one of his commanders for having attacked the Germans and whose constant principle was to avoid action at all costs, except against the Partisans. The explanation of this attitude on the part of a man who by all accounts started the war as a patriot, seems to have been that Mihailovich lacked the necessary ruthlessness and determination to persist in resistance at all costs; that, under the influence of German propaganda, he had come to hate and fear Communists more than Germans, and finally that his long-term policy was to reserve his strength with the object of seizing political power, once the Germans had left the country.

With this background, it is easy to see how Mihailovich himself, his commanders and his troops soon found themselves in the most equivocal positions and how the whole movement, lacking discipline, lacking the stimulus of successful action, and in the end deprived of Allied support, followed its leader rapidly downhill. Besides the time which he spent with Mihailovich himself, Major Rootham was with several Chetnik commanders, and it may be assumed that his experiences are typical of those of the average British liaison officer with Mihailovich's forces, although it must be remembered that there were no such officers at the headquarters of many of the Chetnik commanders against whom the most serious charges of collaboration with the enemy have been levelled. *Miss Fire* is full of episodes which illustrate vividly the state of affairs in the Chetnik movement in 1943 and 1944: Germans and Chetniks quartered peaceably side by side in the same village; the massacre by Chetniks of civilian Partisan sympathisers; internal dissensions leading to open hostilities between rival Chetnik commanders; drunken Chetnik troops; a solitary attack on Danube shipping carried out only through the persistence and determination of the British liaison officers themselves; the attack on a bridge asked for by G.H.Q. Middle East not carried out at all; the endless equivocations and ineffectiveness of Mihailovich and his lieutenants.

This story is told by an unbiased eye-witness, to whom it was a matter of indifference whether he was dropped to the Partisans or to the Chetniks. It is characteristic that he makes every allowance for human weakness and gives his characters credit for the not inconsiderable good qualities which many of them seem to have possessed. *Miss Fire* should do much to make comprehensible a chapter of Balkan history which has baffled so many.

FITZROY MACLEAN

OLD MADAGASCAR

Elizabeth, Lady Holland to her Son, 1821-1845. Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER. *John Murray.* 18*s.*

Holland House was sadly wrecked during the war by German bombs, but, fortunately, the family collection of manuscripts has survived the disaster. Lord Ilchester, to whom they belong, has already published three volumes of this material; and still there is more to come. The present volume is a selection from over 1,350 letters written by Lady Holland to her son, Henry Fox, during the period 1821–45. It is the greatest pity that shortage of paper should enforce the publication of invaluable historical documents such as these in an abbreviated form. Lord Ilchester has, no doubt, done his best with the space allotted to him, but a selection of tit-bits out of letters can never take the place of the complete text, however skilfully the selection may be done. And this is particularly true in the case of a poor letter writer such as Lady Holland. There are no brilliant passages to quote, no vivid descriptions, no sparkling wit, not even much new information about personages or events. No one would guess from reading these extracts that they were written by one of the most formidable women of her time. But if we had the letters in full they could hardly fail to throw more light on what interests us most in Lady Holland, her remarkable character. Writing to her son over a period of 25 years she would be bound to give something away of the secrets in her life that still elude us. For instance, how did the Princess of Madagascar (for that was what Creevey called her in mockery of the outlandish obeisance required of visitors to Holland House), how did this despot of the dinner table evolve from the friendless little girl, who spent her entire childhood "in *total* solitude in a back room in a London house in the dingiest situation," as she herself described it? Of the intervening period in her life we know little but the bare facts; that Anthony Storer, an invalid book-collector, took pity on her at the age of 13 and tried to give her some education; that at 15 she was married to Sir Godfrey Webster, by whom she had three children; that after 10 years of this marriage she went to live with Lord Holland, who was then a young man of 22; that she had an illegitimate son by Lord Holland before she succeeded in getting divorced by Act of Parliament in 1797; and that she was then able to regularise the liaison by marriage and had three legitimate children at Holland House. To add to these facts there are a few references to her in letters and memoirs of the period; but until she became Lady Holland she hardly attracted any notice from society. Lady Stafford writes that in 1792, when she was 22, "she was a very pretty innocent-looking woman." Lord Malmesbury, a year later, describes her as "a strange woman, sensible, learned, flighty, coquettish—they say not gallant." When Lady Holland read this description of her, 50 years later, she objected to the word "coquettish." It was "wholly false and totally repugnant to my nature and habits. My weakness was a desire to be reckoned what I never was, clever. I certainly was a singular person when he first knew me, thoroughly ignorant of life and manners, but very innocent and unwary." We have no reason to doubt her word. But this inexperienced young woman was already giving alarming proof of her determined character. Lady Charlotte Bury told a story of the Webster marriage, which Lady Holland's son admitted to be true. Trying desperately to get rid of her first husband, Lady Holland killed a goat and buried it, pretending it was her little girl, to whom Sir Godfrey was devoted. Her hope was that Sir Godfrey would cut his throat in despair. She was indeed ignorant of life and manners. Sir Godfrey did nothing of the sort. He deprived her of all access to her children and refused a divorce until she had handed over to him her entire fortune.

And what about Lord Holland? Did she fall in love with him; or did she cold-bloodedly seduce him, get with child by him and oblige him to go through the divorce? Her temperament and Lord Melbourne would have us believe the latter. Lord Melbourne told Queen Victoria in his cynical way—"She was very handsome, hated her husband, was a very ambitious woman, and thought it would be a very good thing to marry Mr. Fox's nephew." And she was not of a passionate nature. In that amorous epoch no love affairs are ascribed to her by any of the gossips. Her self-indulgence ran to physical comforts and food. (She ate like a horse, says Creevey.) Indeed, she never appears to have loved anyone, or have been loved by anyone except possibly Lord Holland. Her children all shunned her and got away from her as fast as they could. So probably her motive for changing husbands was not passion, but calculation. As Lady Holland she would be in the position she urgently needed, the position to domineer. Thenceforward she lured society to her domain in Holland House, and bullied high and low for fifty years.

The technique of this bullying is recorded by all her contemporaries, who submitted to it. She would cajole people to her dinners; and then interrupt their conversations and order them about. Hardly an evening passed without some shocking exhibition of her bad manners. Nobody was immune; and if anyone stalked out vowing never to return, she would pursue him relentlessly

with what Creevey calls her "muggery," a mixture of flattery and genuine helpfulness, until he again put his head through the noose. There was no malice behind her brutality. It was a compulsive act, of which she hardly seemed to be aware. The period of these letters to her son is the zenith of Holland House, when her misdeeds were being reported as a joke all over Europe; but she never makes the slightest reference to her table manners. Her sheets are covered with social and political gossip; and one could never guess from them that her dinner parties differed in any way from those of Lady Jersey or Mme de Lieven.

It is impossible to recommend this book to anyone not already interested in pre-Victorian society, because the style of the letters is uninviting and the interest of the persons and events described, in spite of the many excellent footnotes, must depend, not on Lady Holland's prosy account of them, but on previous acquaintance with the letters and diaries of Creevey, Greville, Mme de Lieven, Lady Granville, etc., etc. But those who have already learnt to appreciate this richest period of social history (a large and, I hope, increasing body of intelligent men and women) will be delighted to have this chance to meet all their old friends seen from a new angle. There they all are:—Lord Alvanley with his inimitable jokes, the Duke of Wellington falling off his horse, Lady Byron, "a cold obstinate woman," Lady Caroline Lamb, either drunk or mad or both, Lady Jersey quarrelling, Lord Grey wrestling with his family, Johnny Russell always in domestic trouble and never quite up to his work, Brougham embarking on some new escapade, Greville losing money at the races, Lord Holland himself going to the Derby for the first time in his life at the age of 70. The only person we miss is—Lady Holland. Can this unoriginal, informative, rather prudish, self-pitying correspondent be that old tyrant? Henry Fox, I fancy, recognised that his mother's letters came from her "muggery" department.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE ESCAPE EXPERTS

South to Freedom: A Record of Escape. By T. C. PRITTIE and W. E. EDWARDS. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Several books lately have taught us to admire the ingenuity and courage of the escaped prisoner of war. *South to Freedom* suggests a new point of view. Its authors are specialists, experts in escape, just as others, during their imprisonment, have worked out a Bridge system with which to overthrow Stern and Culbertson. Mr. Prittie and Mr. Edwards even have their different systems: one walks out under the sentry's nose, the other prefers tunnelling. And before either of them carries out this action, a number of other experts have contributed to its success—the forger of passports and identity cards, the engineer, the compass-maker, the tailor of foreign uniforms, the dietician. This is the new world—as rarefied as the mountaineer's—revealed to us by *South to Freedom*.

Humdrum at first. Mr. Prittie begins by making one think he has hit off a rather unexciting way of saying things. He was taken prisoner at Calais in May, 1940—while cleaning his revolver in a hollow of the sand dunes, a German sergeant tapped him on the shoulder from behind; half an hour before, the British destroyers had cruised past letting off salvoes, and there still were the Dover cliffs shining across the water. Yes, but Mr. Prittie manages to flatten the experience; and so it is with the long marches inland, the arrival, the early weeks behind barbed wire. The bones (little more) of narrative are there, but they need articulation. Already Mr. Prittie, but not the reader, is in the grip of his favourite obsession: how, why, when, and where to escape. First axiom; as soon as possible while you're on the move and there's a front near. Few prisoners, it seems, after the exhaustion of battle and the shock of capture attempt this. The next chance is on the train: but that needs a good deal of practice and skill. Once in the camp itself, buzzing with escape schemes in every stage of advancement, the newly arrived prisoner begins to settle down and to plan. By that time, of course, his task is immensely harder. He becomes an expert. Between them, Mr. Prittie and his co-author were responsible for "nine coherent escape-attempts." Some of these ended within range of the prison-camp, others on the Swiss frontier a couple of hundred miles away. None finally succeeded, until the advance of the Allied armies into Germany.

Now, as one goes on reading (and this is a very long book indeed), the fascination of the subject begins to exert a pull on the reader. He, too, forgets about the world, the war, the life in the camp, the personalities of captured and captors: only one thing matters, the problem of getting out. That problem is never quite the same, and in every case it must be worked out with meticulous detail from the beginning. At Biberach, two workmen carrying electric bulbs and coils of wire handed in their armbands at the main gate; at Warburg, a Turkish ambassador was to take the sentries' salute—this masterpiece, unfortunately, had to be abandoned. Mr. Prittie's usual disguise was that of a Nazi officer or N.C.O.: a role needing months of preparation. The making of the uniforms went on in this sort of atmosphere:

> At Warburg we had considerable difficulty in collecting necessary materials. By April there were at least ten tunnels in operation, with numbers ranging from twenty to forty on each of them, and every type of garment useful for escaper's purposes was in urgent demand. There was no system of priority, and people simply set out to provide for themselves. . . . Silk was almost unobtainable, as those who worked in art silks naturally did not like to give away most of their stocks in green and white. All blankets of suitable texture and colour were snapped up. Macintoshes were virtually priceless. We had one terrible period of bargaining with an Indian, who had a great roll of fawn-coloured cloth, ideal for making Bill's civilian jacket.
>
> The fact that we were in a hurry to buy and would pay him anything made no impression on him whatever. Like most Indians, he really enjoyed the business of bargaining, and would not, for the world, cut short what he regarded as pure entertainment. For a fortnight he refused to discuss any price. "Very, very valuable," he kept repeating, fingering the cloth. "My father, he sent it all the way from Bombay for me. Yes, yes, it is very good cloth."

They got it from him in the end. There were the usual rehearsals; the day was chosen; a huge breakfast was followed by the elaborate dressing and provisioning; an hour's breathless panic, and then they walked out in sunshine to the main gate—two Nazi officers, an N.C.O., and a couple of Swiss Commissioners! (Two genuine Commissions were, in fact, touring the camp at the time.) Passes returned, salutes given, without a hitch. Once out of sight, the uniforms were quickly taken off and buried. The party split into two. This particular escape ended near Würzburg, 150 miles away, after more than a week's travel by train and on foot.

The chances of ever reaching a frontier in this fully-mobilised country were very small. Police, army, Gestapo, Home Guard, and the Hitler Jugend had orders to keep a special look-out for escaped prisoners; and these obstacles increased in the frontier regions. Various methods were tried: travelling on foot and at night only; along second-class roads; cross-country; by *Personenzug*. The narrative reads

Company Meeting

AULT & WIBORG

RECORD TURNOVER.

THE annual general meeting of Ault & Wiborg, Ltd., was held on May 31 at Southfields, Surrey.

Mr. Gerald Wellesley (the chairman) said that once again the turnover during the year under review constituted a record, but again the lower margin of profits on sales prevented it from being reflected proportionately in the net profit figure. The latter amounted to £116,494. It was proposed to transfer £20,000 to reserve account and to pay a further dividend of 11¼ per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, making 18 per cent. for the year, leaving £42,275 to be carried forward, as against £33,786 a year ago. During the 11 years and nine months of the company's life the total profits ploughed back into the business had amounted to £82,143, representing 49¼ per cent. of the total profits earned, after payment of tax.

The conversion of their production to peace-time products was proceeding very smoothly, and the main increase in business had been in their principal peace-time lines, namely, printing inks and rollers, varnish paints, industrial finishes and metal decorating products. Their export business in printing inks, paint and industrial finishes showed a record turnover, and would be enormously increased were it not for the scarcity of raw material.

The board had constantly before it the desirability of broadening the basis of the business and widening the scope of their products. In order to be in a position to give better service to their customers in the North of England, they had obtained the lease of a site near Glasgow, on which a large modern factory would be erected shortly.

The report was adopted.

Company Meeting

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA

CONDITIONS IN FAR EAST

THE 92nd ordinary general meeting of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held on June 12 at 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. V. A. Grantham:

The total of the balance sheet shows a reduction of about £5,500,000, mainly accounted for on the liabilities side by decreases in current and other accounts of £3,247,186, and fixed deposits of £2,756,283. Changes on the assets side are more complicated, cash in hand and at bankers being down by £3,630,308, bills of exchange £1,685,622, due to the absence of any Treasury bills from our holdings, advances to customers and other accounts by £2,515,217, and balance of remittances, drafts, etc., in transit between head office, branches and agencies by £6,013,598. The total of these reductions amounts to no less than £13,844,745, but against this, Government and other securities show an increase of £7,810,455, and the position, strong and liquid as before, is improved as a result of these changes.

After making provision for bad and doubtful debts and taxation, and charging to contingency account losses at reopened branches between the despatch of the last certified returns and December 31, 1945, the profit for the year at £326,263 is slightly higher than that of a year ago, and with £587,372 brought forward from last year, makes available a total of some £713,635. We paid our customary interim dividend in October last year, absorbing £75,000, and a further interim dividend in April of this year, similarly absorbing £75,000. As stated at the time of payment of the latter, we do not propose to declare any further dividend for 1945.

The reoccupation of our agencies and branches in the territories overrun by the Japanese has been an expensive proceeding. Everywhere the Japanese had attempted to destroy the value of the currencies which were in circulation on their arrival.

The position in India is one of sustained financial prosperity and economic progress, and we have shared in this progress. India's agricultural products have continued to be much sought after. On the other hand, demand from India for imports from both the United Kingdom and the United States has been insistent, and only inability on the part of suppliers to produce the goods required has limited shipments to moderate figures. Meanwhile India's sterling balances have continued to accumulate.

In Ceylon, as in India, prosperity has been maintained at a high level, but over the past year costs of living have remained fairly stable, and some success has apparently attended the efforts to keep the position under control. The average gross note circulation for the period January-March, 1946, at Rs.412,800,000, exceeded the same figure for the previous year by Rs.118,600,000.

The position in Burma is that the bank has reopened its Rangoon office, which is now working normally. But Burma as a country has suffered grievously as a result of the campaigns fought across its length and breadth. The British Government is advancing £80,000,000 for general reconstruction.

In Malaya all the bank's nine agencies and branches, ranging from Singapore in the South of Penang and Alor Star in the North, have been reopened, and are already exceedingly busy coping with the revival of trade between Malaya and the rest of the world, and with the business and inquiries of newly returned clients bent upon the quick restoration of the pre-war prosperity.

Company Meeting

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

NATIONALISATION DANGERS

THE Annual General Meeting of John Summers and Sons, Ltd., was held on May 30th in London.

The following extracts are taken from the speech made by the Chairman, Mr. Richard F. Summers:—

Referring to the strong financial position, Mr. Summers said this had largely been achieved owing to the conservative financial policy which had always been pursued, and he quoted figures showing how greatly the Company's reserves had been increased during the last seven years.

Referring to the Government's recent pronouncement on the nationalisation of the steel industry, Mr. Summers said he did not think it was sufficiently appreciated that the industry embraced everything from iron ore at the commencement down to tacks, wire netting, and umbrella frames, and it seemed an insuperable task to try to draw any satisfactory line as to where public ownership should begin and end. The very fact that the steel trade was one of the few industries which had already produced a progressive plan for development and modernisation was ample proof that it was alive to the needs of the future, and had the courage and ability to meet those needs in a realistic manner. In the past the industry had for many years worked under Government supervision as far as selling prices were concerned. It had previously intimated to the Government that it would welcome a continuance of this supervision, at the same time stating its most earnest conviction, based on experience, that in time of peace any such supervision should only be at the highest possible level.

The report was adopted.

at some moments like a discovery of the Amazon, and at others like the aberrations of persecution mania. None of the beautifully planned and hardily carried out escapes achieved success: that would depend, it seems, on a mixture of expertise and luck. Or perhaps neither Mr. Prittie nor Mr. Edwards possess, in their particular line, that final flair that makes an Amundsen, a Younghusband, a Wingate. To the outside eye, however, they seem gifted enough; and their "Record of Escape," which is meant as much for fellow-escapers as for the general reader, has a high, dry excitement of its own.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS AND STORIES

Mr. Petunia. By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

The White Tower. By JAMES RAMSAY ULLMAN. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

Runyon à la Carte. By DAMON RUNYON. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Idea, plan and execution. Each to the novelist is indispensable, and incapacity in any member of the trinity should impel a writer to abandon the novel. With execution, but no idea of plan, he might be a poet. With idea, but no plan or execution, he might be an essayist or a philosopher. With plan, but no execution or idea, he had better find a collaborator.

Mr. Gogarty's novel is admirably planned and beautifully executed. The idea is adequate, but far from deserving the blurb's extravagant claim.

> Hamlet and Bluebeard and Mr. Petunia are characters definite and distinct, each in his own way. The first two are well known, but Mr. Petunia, though he has been poisoning human relations ever since the foundations of society, has been released only recently from the clinics of the psychiatrists and is now for the first time bodied forth as a character in fiction.

Publishers still fail to recognise that nothing so sours the reader as disappointed expectations. In fact, Mr. Petunia has many literary ancestors, including Edmund, Uriah Heep, and at least one character in every novel by Miss Compton Burnett. He is merely another embittered paranoid, led to great wickedness by an insane fury against his superiors and an insatiable hunger for power. But the story, laid in early nineteenth-century Virginia, is beautifully and wittily told. The comical Irish character deftly escapes the pitfalls which are the lot of his kind, and indeed all the less important people in this book achieve a surprisingly convincing existence. Further, it seems to me that Gogarty has so soaked himself in the place and period that he is as much at home there as in modern Ireland. He is a real writer, a rare and precious survivor of the Irish renaissance, fresh, racy and inventive.

The White Tower has an overmastering idea (though not a new one), little organisation and only moderate execution. Six people find themselves wiled to a remote Swiss village during the last few months of the war. All, for a variety of psychological reasons, feel impelled to assault the unclimbed western side of the White Tower. It is, of course, a symbol for . . . anything you choose. Though this theme was treated with great intensity in *The Ascent of F6*, that was no reason for avoiding it. The chief weakness of the book lies in the rather arbitrary and unconvincing assemblage of characters—the dilettante Frenchman, too fond of Gide; the Nazi; the middle-aged Englishman who had always first failed; the war-wrecked American airman; and the Austrian refugee girl. These are the stock characters of contemporary fiction, and though the mountain is a symbol, the climbers are neither real nor properly symbolic. We do not feel for them, except in their moments of acute, vertiginous peril. At these moments Mr. Ullman's expert mountaineering knowledge can create a tension which would make us hold our breath for the safety of a tailor's dummy or a scarecrow. Indeed, in all the technical descriptions of climbing, the book comes so richly to life that many of its faults can be forgiven. It is clever of Mr. Ullman to persuade us that nothing is more important than to climb mountains, that every mountain is in fact a symbol of defiance. He quotes the beautiful answer given by Mallory when, at an Albert Hall meeting, he was asked why he wanted to climb Everest. "Because it is there," he said.

Runyon, I would write, is one of those humourists who is thought very funny indeed or not funny at all: I would write this if it were not for the fact that I find him rather funny. Much depends on the special language, and in particular on the special comic use of the present tense. Linguistically he is nothing like so inventive as Wodehouse, and most of his tricks have a stale and exhausted air. It is difficult to avoid the comparison with his Olympian compatriot, James Thurber. In Thurber the humour is sunk as deep as an artesian well. It is mined out of everyday life, refined and presented to us as a pure and sparkling mineral. Runyon's humour is vegetable, carefully cultivated in artificial soil. Some of the plants have done well, but others have grown rank. Under the boisterous flower-beds there runs a subterranean sewer of sentimentality, which sometimes bubbles septically to the surface. But at his best (his best is to be found in his names—Regret, the horseplayer, the Sky, High-C Homer), Runyon's exotic blooms are very funny. He is a humorist who makes one laugh more often than do several of his betters. That proves very little, but it is pleasant to laugh and I am as grateful as I should be. PHILIP TOYNBEE

Week-end Competitions

No. 854

Set by Hilary St. George Saunders.

In Act II Scene I of *The Winter's Tale* Mamillius undertakes to tell a tale, a sad one "of sprites and goblins," and begins, "There was a man . . ." but never tells it. Six guineas are offered for 16 lines of Shakespearean verse, giving his tale. Entries by June 18th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 851

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet addressed to one's favourite British murderer.

Report by G. W. Stonier

The most popular murderers were Crippen and Peace. A little way after them came Smith. And then, a long way after, Henry VIII, Wainewright, Sweeney Todd, Burke, Hare, Palmer, the Macbeths, Punch, Richard III, Jack the Ripper, Pritchard, Pearcey, and Cromwell.

Several competitors denounced murderers of English—usually the East-Ender or B.B.C. announcer—but since these were obviously not favourites, even if murderous, they had to be ruled out.

The first prize of two guineas goes to Peter Sheldon for two sonnets: or rather for the first of the two, to which the second makes an agreeable pendant. A second prize of four guineas is divided equally between Guy Innes, Mrs. Scheffauer, P. N. Furbank, J. R. Till, C. O'R., Marjorie Boulton, and H. P. B.

I.—TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Gentle Will Shakespeare, one foule rumour saith
Twas thou didst shorten Marlowe's mighty line

PURELY PERSONAL

LAST SEEN, enjoying a fragrant King Six Cigar. Information as to his source of supply greatly appreciated. These fine cigars are so scarce, but still obtainable, 1/1 each.

Exhibitions

BERNARD Leach: 26th Anniversary Exhib. of Pottery and Drawings, Berkeley Galls. 20 Davies St. W.1. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and drawings by E. A. Holloway 10 a.m. to 12 noon, 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.

GALLERY Jabé, Jasons Court, Wigmore St. W.1. Flower Paintings and Pastels by contemporary artists. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco. 19 Cork St. W.1. Paintings by Sickert. Gouaches by Elisabeth Morris.

OIL and water colours by the late Herbert Snell, R.O.I. Showing at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

FROM a private collection. Paintings in oil and water colours by well-known modern artists. Heal's 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

CHILDREN'S Books of Yesterday. An Exhibition of a Thousand Books of Four Centuries. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St. Piccadilly, W.1. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. except Sundays. Admission, 1s. Children, 6d. Members free.

ANGLO French Art Centre, 29 Elm Tree Rd. St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Recent works Bernard Lorjou. June 5-30. Open 10-10.

BATSFORD Gallery, 15 North Audley St. W.1. Exhibition of Paintings by Donald Wood. May 29th-June 19th, 10 a.m.-5.30 Sats. 10-12.30.

CHEMICAL Research Exhibition, 22 Lower Regent St. London. June 5th-28th. Daily, (ex. June 8th) 10.30-8. Sun. 2-7. Adm. 1s. Proceeds to Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Exhibitions—continued

PAINTING To-day: an Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture by members of Artists' International Association in assoc. with Arts Council, 54 Pall Mall, S.W.1. June 6th to 26th. Daily 10 to 5. Sundays 2.30 to 5. Admission 6d. Including important loans from well-known collections and a memorial section of works by Eric Ravilious, Grahame Bell, Thomas Hennell, Morland Lewis and Clive Branson.

Lectures and Meetings

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. June 9th, "Discipleship."

INSTITUTE for Experimental Metaphysics Ltd. (Psychic Investigation), Walton House, Walton St. S.W.3. Ken. 6865. Wed. June 12th, 6 p.m. Swami Avyaktanander: "Comparative mysticism." Mems. 1s.; non-mems. 2s. 6d.

W. A. THORPE giving his postponed talk on "The Idea of Furniture," Tues. 11th at 8 p.m. International Arts Centre, 3 Orme Sq. Bayswater Rd.

FRIDAY Lunch-hour Meetings, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. 1.15 p.m. June 14th, Kenneth G. Grubb, "The Era of Atomic Power." National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. June 9th at 11 a.m. H. J. Blackham: "The Consensus of Humanism."

"DEMOCRACY and the Colonies." Public Meeting, June 13th at 7 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Speaker: Frank Horrabin. Org. Socialist Vanguard Group.

MYSTICISM and Eastern Philosophy. Lectures by Hari Prasad Shastri at 30 Lansdowne Crescent, W.11, on Wednesdays and Fridays, 8 p.m. 52 bus to Ladbroke Gdns.

COUNCIL for Investigation of Vatican Influence and Censorship, Alliance Hall, Palmer St. S.W.1 on June 14th at 7 p.m. Subject: "Menace of Catholic Action." Speakers: F. A. Ridley, Rev. A. Stewart.

Lectures—continued

BRITISH Czechoslovak Friendship League, 27, Palace Court, W.2. Tel. BAYswater 2734-35. 12th June, 7.30 p.m. Mr. David Raymond, who went to Prague to report on the Czechoslovak elections for Reynolds News, will give his impressions.

"FIRST Aid and Realism." Casualties Union, 4th Annual Reunion, Eton Eyot, June 23rd, 11.30-5.30. Complimentary tickets from Sec. The Bend, Send, Surrey. (Enclose addressed envelope).

IN appreciation of life and work of Arthur Ponsonby a meeting will be held in small Meeting House, Friends House, Euston, at 7.0 p.m. on June 21st. Chairman: Stuart Morris. Those taking part include Bishop of Birmingham, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Lord Darnley, James Hudson, M.P. Richard Ward. Adm. by ticket (1s.) Applics. to General Secretary, P.P.U. 6 Endsleigh St. W.C.1.

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

EVENING Course on Egypt at City Literary Institute, Stukeley St. Drury Lane, W.C.2. June 17th to 28th. Course covers History, Agriculture, Engineering, Industry, Social Services, Trade, Econs. Educ. Press, Theatre, Films, Literature, Music, etc. For details apply City Lit. Institute.

THE Psychology, Physiology and Mechanics of Piano Technique, 24 Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching, M.A. B.Mus. Oxon. Thursdays, at 7 p.m. 14 Hanover St. W.1. June 13th "Freudian Psychology of the Pianistic Art." June 20th "The Relaxation Motif: Psycho-Analysis." The lectures are available in printed form. Full particulars from the Secretary, James Ching, Pianoforte School, 21 Wigmore St. W.1.

DIPLOMA in Social Studies (University College, Southampton). Diploma Course in Social Studies, intended for men and women taking up social work, begins 7th October, 1946. Further information and applic. forms from Registrar, University College, Southampton.

Lecture Courses—continued

INCORP. Assoc. of Teachers of Speech and Drama. Summer School for teachers and intending teachers, Aug. 2nd-5th, at Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, at Royal Albert Hall and 52 Hyde Park Gate. Instruction for Assoc.'s Cert. of Proficiency Exam. Subjects; Voice and Speech, Verse and Choral Speaking, Drama. Fee £2 2s. Applic. for tickets (with remittance) to Miss Cary Field, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants.

"THE Psychology of Family Relationship," Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh; Summer School, 31st July to 6th Aug. (incl.). Speakers: Dr. E. A. Bennet, M.C. Psychiatrist, West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, London. Consulting Physician Tavistock Clinic, London. Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Hon. Medical Director, Dr. William Kraemer, Hon. Deputy Medical Director, and other members of staff of Davidson Clinic. Lectures; Discussion Groups; Informal talks. Tickets £3 3s. Concessions for Students. Please apply to Secretary, 26 Chalmers St. Edinburgh, 3, for further partics. before 30th June.

NEIGHBOURHOOD work, one-year course of training for Settlement Wardens, Secretaries of Community Centres and Assocs etc. begins in September, at Primrose Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham. Recognised by Mins. of Educ. and Labour as qualifying for training grants for students eligible under Further Educ. and Training Scheme. Cttee. can offer a limited number of bursaries. Fees £130 incl. full board and tuition for 33 weeks. Candidates should be over 26. For further partics. write Hon. Sec. Joint Cttee. on Recruitment and Training for Neighbourhood Workers, 32 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

Typing and Translations

FIRST Class Typing, duplicating, etc. Mabel Eyles, 2 Aberdeen Park, N.5.

DUPLICATING, Typing, Shthd. Balance-Sheets, MSS. by qual. expert. Miss Stone, Eagle House, Jermyn St. S.W.1.

TRANSLATIONS wanted by professional translator. English, French, German. Varied exp. 143 Cholmley Gdns. N.W.6.

In that darke taverne, where, full fill'd with wine,
Ye rioted, and, scarce perceiv'd, came Death.
If so, my dearest Murderer thou art—
Not for that Deede (for him I love next thee)—
His death is but a symbol, where we see
Blazon'd, the method of thy better part.
For, upstarte crowe, didst thou not beautifie
Thyself with feathers stol'n from many a tayle?
Did not Peele, Lyly, Kyd, yea, Marloe die
To feede thee ruddie, while they languish'd pale?
Of Arte as Nature, Mutabilitee,
Death feeding Life, the Lawe must ever be.

II.—To Sweeney Todd.

You also, Sweeney, must have loathed the men
Whom you *cut short* in sacrificial chair—
The red rolled neck, sharp ears, or piscine stare,
Brown-stained moustache, nose fungoid as a wen—
Or, for the small-talk, him who gave the gen
On Governments or Weathers, foul or fair,
Or owners of short, greasy, bristling hair,
Who knew what happened, Faith! but never when.
We, too, have suffered, in these latter days,
Hard-based half hours on the waiting bench,
And thought of you, who did both shave and raze
The tiresome; we have inhaled the stench,
Pensively, of the bakery next door,
And thought of your meat pies, and fresher store . . .

Peter Sheldon

Frederick Bayley Deeming was hanged in Melbourne Gaol in the Nineties for having murdered at Windsor, Victoria, and Rainhill, Lancashire, women whom he had married. He disposed of the bodies by cementing them down in the household hearth, excavated for the purpose.

Mass murder, as expedient for the State,
Revolts one ere the slaughter-pits are teeming;
You, gifted dilettante, F. B. Deeming,
Declined to be so indiscriminate;
You lit no ovens to disintegrate
Your victims, but, in more domestic seeming,
With fresh cement, and trowel brightly gleaming,
Did 'neath the hearth your wives inlapidate.
You met the fate that is the murderer's lot;
I've seen your headstone in the distant gaol.
Where you were hanged to meet the Law's grim pleasure;
And though your methods showed some sense of plot
Your rule of life—and death!—was doomed to fail—
"Marry in haste, and then cement at leisure."

Guy Innes

When evening fell along the quiet road
Without a sound, gliding on wheels, he came,
That quiet man who so belied his name,
A cheerful citizen, to his abode.
Did he drink tea from Worcester, Chelsea, Spode?
As through the windows struck the sunset's flame
He set the pieces for an evening game
While in his heart greed cowered like a toad.

His fingers clasped the bow—his violin
Sent forth sweet melodies—did their increase
Strike his soul's discords to that man of sin?
The toad within him croaked and would not cease.
Gold, said the toad, another's gold to win—
And the night folded down upon Charles Peace.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

To Burke the Resurrectionist.

Pickwick, who trembled at the name of Burke,
(Not "Sublime" Burke, but Burke of Burke and Hare)
Adduced an *English* virtue in that work
Which foreign Thugs must study with despair.
"I burke," "thou burkest," "he burkes," "we shall burke"
—A *Saxon* syllable, whether said or sung;
Untaught, its owner quite outghouled the Turk,
Unnerved our women, and enriched our tongue.
Master alike of breadknife and of spade,
From Edinburgh faintly the cry still rings
Of "Burke's abroad": the dead are yet afraid,
And the lone traveller backward glances flings.
Cheater of graves, could he not cheat his own?
Alas! not Burke himself could lift *that* stone.

P. N. Furbank

Charles Peace (1832–1879)

Pre-eminently *bourgeois* in your dress,
On Sundays off becomingly devout,
With Moody's hymns to foster your success
And shield all Peckham from the snares of doubt,
You yet contrived an histrionic spark
That kindled brightly with each new Disguise—
A one-armed sailor (chiefly after dark),
A whiskered sage—ah, yes, and jemmy-wise!
Burgling your way across life's tempting stage,
With well-timed exits you picked up the props,
Looking not back till in reluctant rage
You took to shooting tiresome gents and cops.
Your end, Charles Peace, shows clearly the result
Of holding cheap the non-attachment cult.

J. R. Till

Sonnet to the Spirit of a Melancholy Anatomist.

Sad, chivalrous Doctor, I invoke my Muse
To muse upon thy sorrows mournfully.
'Twas in Nineteen-thirteen I read the news
That by the noose, throat throttled, thou shouldst die
For loving too unwisely . . . Why, O Why
Did Cornish men Trelawny's death refuse
Yet draw no sword to stay thy tragedy? . . .
No Prelate pray that thou, a calm recluse,
Might at our good King's pleasure be confined
In some apartment furnished with choice books
On toxicology, where thy true mind
Might find a sanctuary from beldames' looks . . .?
In that thou, Doctor, art unjustly dead,
I am at one, for once, with Birkenhead.

C. O'R.

Sonnet to a Favourite British Murderer.

To what address to write, must doubtful be,
But, since lost Paradise was lost again
By you, th' appropriate authority
Need hardly exercise the writer's brain.
You hell's worst editor! yet your conceit
Endears you to a timid human being
Who rather Bentley would than Milton meet,
Lest solar magnitude should blast her seeing.
You who macadamised the golden streets
Like most, rejected strength since you were weak,
But better texts now flutter damning sheets;
Let the Republic's Prosecutor speak!
Upon your victim's own indictment look:
"As good to kill a man, as a good book."

Marjorie Boulton

To alternate the bridal and the bath
Denotes a prodigality of soul
Such as is seldom rivalled, on the whole,
By those who travel on the primrose path.
Would one might gloss the painful aftermath,
Forget the grim judicial rigmarole,
Forget the black flag flaunting at its pole
The consummation of society's wrath!
Our bluff King Harry in more spacious days
Made of polygamy a royal myth;
Mass liquidation is a common phrase.
But, could I raise a modest monolith,
Where G.I. brides might muse and go their ways,
'Twould bear the craftsman's eponym of Smith!

H. P. B.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.&N." Subscriptions Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7s. 6d. yearly, and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

Entertainments

STRATFORD-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival, Apr. 20th to Sept. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Weds. & Sats. 2.30. Reserved seats 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. Box Off. Strat.-on-Avon 2271.

ARTS, Gt. Newport St. W.C. Two plays nightly. "Exercise Bowler" and "You Won't Need the Halo." For times see "Dly. Telegraph" and "Evening Standard," or 'phone TEM. 7541/6.

ST. MARTIN'S, 6.45 (Sat. 7.45), Tues. Fri. 2.45. Keneth Kent, "The Shop at Sly Corner," Victoria Hopper, Ada Reeve, 2nd yr.

NEW Lindsey, Palace Gdns. Ter. "Pick-up-Girl," by Elsa Shelley. Tues.-Sun. at 7. Sat. & Sun. at 3. (BAY. 2512.)

COMEDY (WHI. 2578). June 13th at 7, Sonia Dresdel in "Green Laughter," Anthony Hawtrey. Prod. by Henry Cass.

MERCURY (PAR. 3700). "A Phoenix Too Frequent." Evgs. 7. Thur. Sat. 2.30.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "The Shepherd and the Hunter," by David Martin. Last 4 perfs. Sat. Sun. 4.15 & 7.30. From June 12th "Boy Meets Girl." Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30 Sat. Sun. also at 4.15. From 2s. mems. only (minimum to join 2s.).

MARLENE Dietrich in Sternberg's unforgettable "The Blue Angel" and classic documentary "Song of Ceylon," at Hornsey Central Library, 98 Tottenham Lane, N.8, on June 9th. Partics. from Peter Dyer, Hornsey Film Society, 5, Melville Gardens, N.13 or ring TUDor 3506 or 3085.

ACADEMY (Ger. 2981) Fernandel, Arletty and Michel Simon in "Fric-Frac" (A) and Paul Rotha's "Land of Promise" (U).

ALEXIS Kligerman, Wigmore Hall, June 12th, 6.45. Piano Recital, Beethoven (Les Adieux, Appassionata), Chopin Sonata in B flat minor, Studies, Polonaise A flat, Berceuse, Opus 57. Tickets, 2s. 6d. 5s. 8s. 6d. 10s. 6d. at Hall. Hinrichsen Artist Mgt.

STOLL Theatre, Kingsway, Sunday Concerts at 3. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Sunday next (9th) Beethoven Concert. Gregor Fitelberg, Clifford Curzon. 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Balconv (unreserved), 2s. 6d. HOL. 3703.

Entertainments—continued

RIDDICK String Orchestra. Cond. Kathleen Riddick. June 13th, 27th, July 11th, 25th, at 6.15. St. Peter's Church, Gt. Windmill St. W.1. Thurs. next. Works by Barbirolli, Bach, Mozart, John Ireland. Soloist: Vera Kantrovitch. Subscription: 17s. 6d. 12s. 6d. Single tickets: 5s. 3s. 6d. from 139 New Bond St. (May. 4775). Hon. Sec. 52, Grove Park Gardens, W.4; and at doors. Organiser: Gladys Crook, 99 Queen's Gate, S.W.7 (FRE. 2263).

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall. Wed. next, at 7. Verdi, Requiem Mass. Edna Hobson, Gladys Ripley, Parry Jones, Tom Williams, the B.B.C. Choral Society. John Barbirolli (by courtesy of the Hallé Concerts Society). 10s. 7s 6d. 5s. 4s. 3s. at Hall (Ken. 8212), and Agents.

MAGDA Drexler Song and Aria Recital. Dramatic soprano, first appearance in England. Former member of The (Neues) Deutsche Theatre in Prague. Swedenborg Hall, June 17th, commencing 7.30 p.m.

MARIA Lidka (violin), Reizenstein (piano). Duo Recital. Wigmore Hall, Thurs. next at 7. Works by Brahms, Reizenstein, Beethoven, Schubert. Tickets: 9s. 6s. 3s. at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore St.

ROYAL Albert Hall (Ken. 8212). June 14th, 7.30 London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor de Sabata. Works by Tchaikovsky and Elgar. Tickets: 10s. 7s. 6d. 5s. 3s. 2s. from Hall and usual Agents.

CONCERT for Dr. Schweitzer's Hospital Fund, Friends House, Euston Rd. June 13th, 7 p.m. New String Players. Cond. William Tubbs with Margaret Ress, John Francis, Millicent Silver. Brandenburg No. 6, Solo Cantata, B mi. Suite (Bach) and works by Barber, Finzi, Britten. Tickets 21s. 10s. 6d. 5s. 2s. 6d. from Chappells, New Bond St.

NEGRO Ballet, Twentieth Century Theatre, Westbourne Grove, W.11. Evgs. 7. Thurs. 2.30. Box Office Park 6870.

JAVANESE Dancers, Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage (PRI. 2211). June 10th-16th, 7 p.m. Classical Dances of Java, Folk Dances of Bali, Sumatra and Celebes.

Entertainments—continued

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club. St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing Cross Rd. Meetings Tues. at 7. June 11th. A Szymanowski programme, Ida Haendel, Gregor Fitelberg and supporting artists. Members, 1s. 6d.; Visitors, 2s. 6d. Apply, Sec. 53 Welbeck St. W.1, for partics.

Summer Schools

SUMMER School of Music, Aug. 17th-24th, Barnard Castle. Vacancies for choral and orchestral students, conductors, accompanists, etc. Fee £4 10s. Director: Sydney Northcote, D. Mus. Fully qualified staff. Early applics. to Sec. Y.R.C.C. 9, Minster Yard, York.

ITALIAN Summer School (organised by Society for Italian Studies) will be held at Jesus College, Cambridge, from August 19th-31st. Course will consist of lectures on Italian Literature, Art and History, and Classes in Italian Language (Elementary, Intermediary and Advanced). Grounds of Jesus College will be open to students of Course for cricket and tennis. Fee for entire Course (incl. accomm. and all meals), £12 12s. All vacancies with board and accom. for women have now been filled. A number still remain for men. For applicants able to find their own board and accom. the fee for the course is £2 2s. Applic. under these terms is invited from both men and women. Those interested are advised to apply as soon as possible to Miss Barbara Reynolds, B.A., 16 St. John's St. Cambridge, who will be glad to supply further partics.

Schools and Educational

HURTWOOD School, Peaslake, Guildford. Co-educational day and boarding to 14 yrs. Constructive outlook. Tel.: Abinger 119.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A. Ed.B.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. A group of 100 children of all ages and 40 adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts.

Schools—continued

ODHAM Hill School and Children's Farm creates sound foundations for the child's future by teaching, guidance of personality, and instructive out-door occup. Boys & girls, 4—13. Falkner, South Molton, N. Devon.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1949 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A. LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

WENNINGTON School (Co-ed. boarding and day 8-18), now at Ingmanthorpe Hall, Wetherby, Yorks. Much improved amenities. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford. 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Apply, Miss Lee, M.A.

PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book (Boys). Official book of Headmasters' Conference and Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools. Published by Deane's, 31 Museum St. W.C.1.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

TO let furnished, whole or part of Kensington house with garden, three or four weeks, July. Box 1265.

HOUSE for sale, detd. 12 m. S. London (30 mins. train), close 2 stns. shops, rural aspect, 400ft. all main services, 3 large recep. 5 bdrms. nursery, etc. kit. scull. conserv. grnhse. sheds, room garage, well-stocked garden. Sound family house, easily run. Imm. possession. Best offer quick sale. Box 1558.

TO let, Guildford, 2 semi-furn. rooms, use bath & kitch. with left-wing couple, in exch. for sim. acc. London. Box 1140.

BUSINESS gent. urgently reqs. room/s usual facilities. N.W. London. Box 1202.

YOUNG civil servant and wife seek unfurn. flat/house, conv. Westminster. Willing contribute conversion or decoration costs, offer regular shopping dom. help. Box A4866.

MARRIED student, ret. Cambridge Oct. seeks unfurn. rms. Could offer share of Kensington flat in exchange. Box 448.